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SIXPENCE.

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THE NURSERY OF GIANTS: THE BROBDIGNAGIAN INTERIOR OF A BALLOON-FACTORY.

The two pillars are two halves of an enormous balloon. How huge they are may be understood by comparison with the man in the picture. The envelope was photographed in a balloon-factory at Billancourt, Paris.—[PHOTOGRAPH BY CLARK AND HYDE.]

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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"BUTTERFLIES," AT THE APOLLO.

SUMMER weather, appropriately enough, seems to agree with "Butterflies," as Mr. Locke's quaint fantasy, "The Palace of Puck," has been renamed in its musical comedy version. And thus Miss Ada Reeve has been able to boast of full houses at the Apollo, while other theatrical managers have been complaining of the competition of the White City, and of the havoc which a hot June or July works with playhouse enterprise. Musical plays, to be sure, are generally exempt from the mutations of fortune which afflict more ambitious kinds of drama, but then Mr. Locke's differs altogether from the ordinary musical comedy, and offers, in place of its frivolities and banalities, wit and fancy, and, along with plenty of fun, a coherent story which works out a pretty idea. It is curious how much more effective this allegory, in which a humdrum British family are taught—in France of course—that there are other things in life more important than money or respectability—innocent pleasure, for instance, and joy and love—proves with the accompaniment of music and songs and choruses: such additions render far easier the effort of "make-believe." Not that Apollo audiences are so much concerned with the daintiness of Mr. Locke's fable as with the fact that Miss Reeve herself, archest of our comédiennes, has here a part after her own heart in the character of the witch Rhodope, and that the drolleries of the Shavian chauffeur, Yarker, give Mr. Lauri de Frece abundance of humorous opportunities. These two performers are still seen at their best, and Mr. George Giddens, too, is wonderfully natural, as well as amusing, in the rôle of the British paterfamilias. And though Mr. Hayden Coffin is out of the Apollo cast, a good substitute has been found in Mr. Frank Wilson, though he copies rather too closely his predecessor's mannerisms. Finally, a butterfly dance, done barefoot by Miss Phyllis Monkman, a youthful dancer, who shows ability, but is scarcely a second Maud Allan, is the newest feature of this very charming entertainment.

"LADY FREDERICK," TRANSFERRED TO THE HAYMARKET.

That bright and popular comedy, "Lady Frederick," which the author, Mr. Somerset Maugham, will always remember gratefully as the starting point of his successful career, seems still to be full of vitality, even though it has been transplanted no fewer than four times, and now finds a fifth home at the Haymarket. This is a play which, Mr. Maugham will readily allow, owes as much of the favour it has won to the personality of its leading interpreter as to the wit and high spirits of the dramatist. Such playgoers as saw Miss Ethel Irving in "The Way of the World" could have no doubt as to the quality and spontaneity of her art; her Milla-mant was an exquisite piece of comedy-acting. But to the general public which missed that performance, her Lady Frederick, made by her so joyous and roguish a creation, was little less than a revelation. Her representation of the coquettish widow has lost none of its buoyancy, and in the famous dressing-room scene, in which the heroine betrays the secrets of the toilet, the actress is every whit as natural and fascinating as heretofore. With Miss Irving in her old part and Mr. C. M. Lowne continuing his support, Mr. Maugham should hope to see all three of his current comedies survive the month of August.

UNAUTHORISED REPRESENTATION.

As it has been ascertained that many unauthorised persons are in the habit of claiming to represent THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, the Editor desires that applications made in his name shall not be entertained unless the applicant presents an official card signed by the Editor himself or one of the Directors.

NOTE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from abroad, be marked on the back with the name and address of the sender, as well as with the title of the subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for. The Editor cannot assume responsibility for MSS., for Photographs, or for Sketches submitted. Poetry is not invited and cannot be returned. N.B.—Photographs and Sketches should always be accompanied by postage stamps, otherwise their return cannot be guaranteed.

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TALKS WITH TOM BINGLEY ON PARLIAMENT AND PERSONS.

BY G. S. STREET.

XXIV.—ON THE END OF THE SESSION.

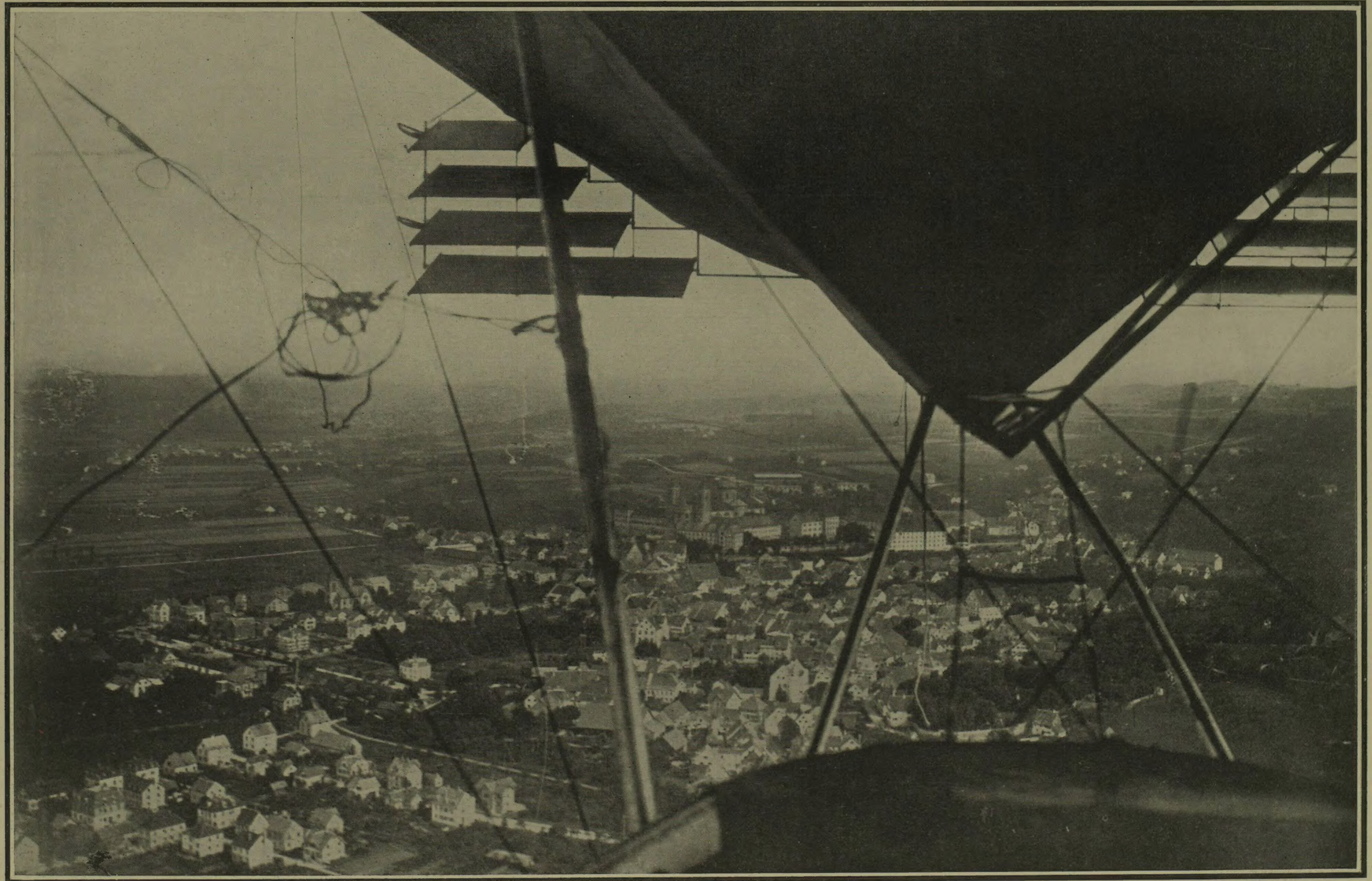
WE were sitting, Tom and I, last Friday afternoon near the Serpentine, watching from the shade foolish men and maidens rowing in the sun. A cool breeze was blowing, and we were as comfortable as the plaguey hard chairs with which the London public is disciplined would allow: I could not blame my friend for his absence from the House of Commons. (They must be disciplinary, those chairs, as though we were grudgingly allowed to sit at all, for there are flexible, comfortable chairs which stand the weather quite as well.) And as we sat we mused on the end of Parliament and the London season. The latter makes little difference in my life, and the former none; I merely note that, by a coincidence, I am escaping from the tortures of a hot London; yet there is always something melancholy about the end of anything, and I could sympathise with Tom that he was almost sorry to go. He is a popular fellow, and is always dining out, even if he has to rush away for a division; besides, he is an active dancer, and will be so, I fancy, for another thirty years.

"You see," quoth Tom, "I rather enjoy dashing about in a hurry, having only just time to get from one place to another, or change one's clothes, or whatever it is. It gives me the sensation of being energetic. An illusion? I thought you'd say so; still, everything's what we think it—what? Is that metaphysics? Fancy that: I didn't know. Of course, most of this social business is sheer waste of time, going to places simply to shake hands with a lot of people one has seen the day before, and all that, but it's a friendly sort of life, and then, for the next fortnight at least, I shall have nothing much to do in the country. Besides, there's the House. No, I don't retract my opinion that it's a wicked muddle and shame in the main, but one develops a morbid affection for it. Nothing, for example, could be sillier than for grown-up men to waste their health in an all-night sitting, but it makes one feel pals, you know, like the other asses who go through it with one." "But doesn't that friendly feeling," I asked, "rather wane at the end of a session, especially in hot weather? Don't you get on one another's nerves?" "Not a bit: we make allowances; that's the pull of being English, I do honestly believe. The only bit of a scrap there's been this week was between Seely and Stuart-Wortley, over the Chinese slavery business, which does seem to make men shittier than anything else, and that was over in a minute. No, we're quite a good-tempered lot, really." Speaking of personal things, I asked Tom if we should hear any more of the manoeuvres incident. "I think not. Bellairs and Winterton rubbed it in—the unfairness to Beresford—as they were quite right to do, but everyone knows now that the story was untrue. What really happened was this." Tom spread a paper on his knees and took out some matches, and was proceeding to demonstrate formations and so forth, when I told him that two naval experts had already played with matches for my enlightenment and without success, and he regretfully put them back in the box. "Anyhow, Beresford was utterly misrepresented, but he's a magnanimous chap, and will wish the matter to drop in the public interest."

"Are you going away in a comfortable frame of mind, Tom, about public affairs in general?" "No," said he, "I'm not, and, what's more important, I don't believe a single man on either front bench really feels happy about them any more than I. There's far too much talk about the delicacy of our foreign relations and all that for one to be comfortable. Cromer said right out that we might have to face a war in a few years. I hope he put it too strongly, but the fact remains that he said it, and he is in a position to judge. And I don't think Ministers give us much comfort. Grey's speech on the Foreign Office vote may have looked like it, but after all he only pointed out that our own intentions are pacific, which we know already. If he could have said he was absolutely sure the intentions of everyone else were pacific too, it would have been more to the purpose. Then Asquith at the Peace Conference—a kind of occasion when every speaker would like to be as mealy as possible—had to say, like an honest man, that we must be ready to protect ourselves. There's no sense in being jumpy about it, but it's quite certain we've got to look out and mustn't stop looking out for a moment." "You read what the Chancellor of the Exchequer said, though, about the folly of nations fighting over questions which no civilised individuals would dream of killing one another about?" "Yes, yes," said Tom, a little impatiently, "that's all very well, but that kind of commonplace doesn't help matters a bit. We are ready to act on it, but are the other chaps? And if they're not, what's the good of lecturing us? It reminds me of the story about the man who was afraid of a dog. 'Don't you know,' said his friend, 'that when a dog barks he never bites?' 'Yes, I know,' said he, 'but does the dog know?' We've got into the way of thinking that a big flare-up can't come our way, that we can go on playing golf quietly for ever; and we've got to get out of it. The alarmists may do harm, but the complacent optimists do a dam sight more. . . . However, it's no good to jaw about it when one can't help. Motor with me down to Devonshire to-morrow."

I could not, but I took the opportunity of reminding my friend that Mr. Burns had warned motorists that public opinion was hardening against them and they had to be careful. "I know," said Tom, "I heard him, and he was quite right. No one ought to motor through a village or past cottages quicker than one would drive in a dog-cart. But when there is a clear road you must admit those police traps are a beastly nuisance." "Possibly, Tom, but you've got to obey the law. You can't disobey it merely because you don't like it. Probably burglars don't like the laws which affect them."

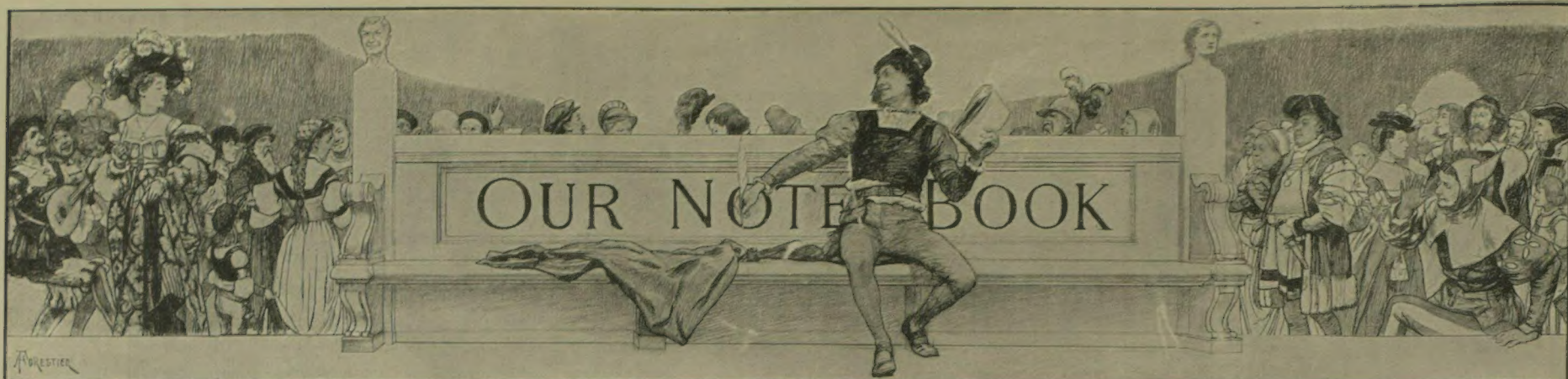
FROM THE DECK OF A FLYING WAR-SHIP: PHOTOGRAPH FROM COUNT ZEPPELIN'S ILL-FATED BALLOON.



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, Aug. 8, 1908.—183

THE VIEW FROM THE DECK OF COUNT ZEPPELIN'S DIRIGIBLE WAR-BALLOON, DESTROYED DURING HER GREAT FLIGHT.

On the afternoon of August 4, Count Zeppelin made another attempt with his new air-ship, and remained up for eleven consecutive hours. The secret had been well kept; but when it was known that the flight had actually begun from Friedrichshafen great crowds turned out to watch the memorable experiment. The First Chamber of the Baden Diet adjourned in order to watch the air-ship. Count Zeppelin rounded the spire of Strassburg Cathedral, and went on to Mayence, where the vessel had to come down for some slight repairs. At three o'clock on August 5, during a storm, the vessel broke from her moorings, took fire, and disappeared in the air.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I BELIEVE that some ancient writers did maintain that the populace was always right. I know that most modern writers (especially revolutionary writers) maintain that the populace is always wrong. Yet the real and reasonable limits of popular wisdom and popular folly are not particularly hard to state. The mob generally has justice, but the mob generally has not got truth. The mob will generally be right in its view of the facts—if they are facts. Unfortunately, they are frequently not facts, but news from the newspapers. The practical distinction can be made plain enough. The people who think that puppies ought not to be made into pork-pies are the overwhelming majority of the people of England. The people who know for a fact whether puppies are made into pork-pies are of necessity a small minority of scientific experts. The people who want a race to be run fairly are merely the democracy of Englishmen; the people who know whether a race is being run unfairly are an aristocracy of swindlers. That prisoners should not be tortured in modern prisons is as certain and obvious as trial by jury—before Mr. Herbert Gladstone's proposal. I should have said as certain and obvious as the Habeas Corpus Act. But whether prisoners are tortured in modern prisons is as secret as the Inquisition.

Some great mystics maintained that the two great orders of angels were distinguished by their special dedication to knowledge or to love. The Cherubim loved and the Seraphim knew; or it may have been the other way round—I cannot remember. But certainly what was thus said of Seraphim and Cherubim may truly be said of aristocracy and democracy. Democracy loves—but it does not know. Aristocracy knows—but it does not care. If you want the facts, it is much better to go to the governing class. But if you want ideals, it is immeasurably better to go to the mob. The bulk of a people always has a fairly sane and honourable philosophy. It is its science, its accumulation of accurate phenomena, which is commonly in fault. For philosophy is a democratic thing, depending only on man's reason; while science is almost necessarily oligarchical, since it depends on man's opportunities. A man can philosophise about fleas in a cheap lodging; but he cannot bioligise about fleas without an expensive microscope. Thus the democracy is commonly quite right in its cosmic or ethical view of fleas, while often mistaken about the configuration of their anatomy or the number of their legs. The faddists who would encourage the flea at the expense of humanity are a minority: that is, they are an oligarchy. Not one man in twenty really thinks anything so ridiculous as that it is wrong to drink wine. That is a matter of principle. But not one man in twenty really knows whether he is drinking wine. For that is a matter of the tact and technical compromise of the trade. Not one man in twenty, not one man in two hundred, really thinks that the glories and privileges of a great nation ought to be open to commercial barter. That peerages ought not to be bought and sold is universally admitted by all ordinary citizens. That peerages are bought and sold is often admitted only to the peers.

These two things, the invariable sufficiency of the popular instinct and the almost invariable insufficiency of the popular information, are very vividly presented

in a great public trial that has recently come to its conclusion. The acquittal of Mr. Robert Sievier from the charge of blackmailing Mr. Joel is, when taken in connection with all its prejudices of the populace and all its ovations of the street, a curious instance of this curious combination of a sound sense of the abstract in morality, combined with a considerable amount of cheerful ignorance of the concrete. That Robert Sievier should be the national hero really suggests the nation's justice. But it also suggests its innocence. Many people must have rejoiced at Mr. Sievier's victory, and even felt a certain affection for him as a public figure, who would not have had the *Winning Post* in their houses. But, indeed, here again the average instinct was very accurate.

should conquer: especially if he is a bird who seems specially doomed to be a jail-bird. Nor does a man of the one type nowadays tend jail-wards because he is bad: but because the traps of law seem to be only set for that particular jolly, brazen, free-living sort of man. I remember an eminent philanthropist who said to me with the utmost simplicity that he had rescued from their infamous existence two men, one of whom was a burglar and the other "the greatest treater in the town." He actually thought that taking another man's spoons and giving another man beer were acts of pretty much the same colour and quality. He classed together (when both were done by a poor man) the crime of theft and the virtue of hospitality. The notion that was really at the back of his mind and which is true as far as it goes, was that both the habit of burglary and the habit of hospitality were things likely to prevent a man "getting on," and even to assist in his "going under." Neither habit could lead to Park Lane. Both habits might lead to Clerkenwell Prison. In short, he saw the kind of man whom the law generally crushes; whom in this case, fortunately, the law has almost unexpectedly redeemed.

It may be hoped that this event is of good augury, and indicates a turn of the tide in such affairs. It may be hoped that we shall attempt to strengthen the legal machinery in the future more against the man who may become stronger than the law rather than against the man who is obviously weaker. We have been too much in the habit of pointing to a man with a ragged coat and a black patch over his eye, with a bad hat or a new beard, and saying, "There is a thief." But the man's rags are really a proof that he is not a thief—that is, not a successful thief. We have too often argued, "This man is poor; therefore he will steal." But it would be quite as reasonable to argue, "This man is rich; therefore he has stolen." In neither case is the logic quite conclusive.

Suppose a decent villager in a simple age is about to barter with a stranger; suppose he is prepared to give a horse and receive a measure of corn. Simple as the process is, there is one process even more child-like—that is, for the stranger to knock him down and take both. But there is also the other kind of robber who robs not by making the process plainer but by making it more complicated. Instead of stunning the

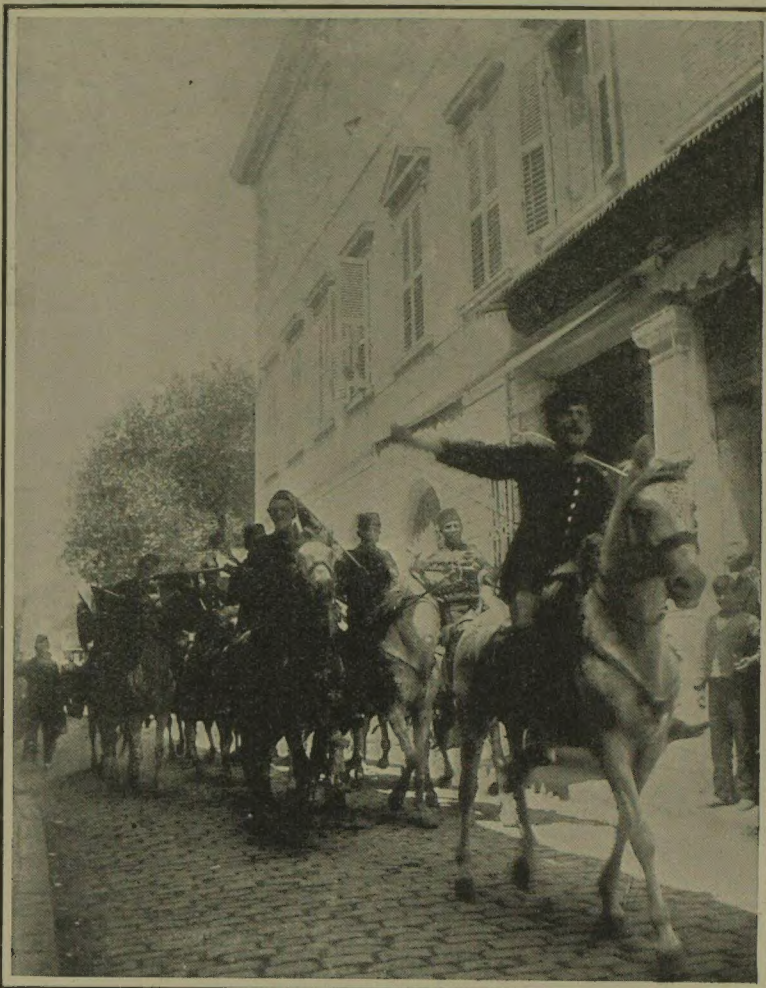
villager with a club, he stuns him with a calculation. Instead of taking the horse and the corn and leaving nothing, this primeval financier takes the horse and the corn and then says with breathless and blinding rapidity, "I take these things and give you their equivalent in other materials with a handsome margin; I give you seventy-nine and a half trouser-buttons, two copies of the third edition of 'East Lynne,' two hundred and thirteen haricot beans, a ton of Hampshire soil, a little dog, the waste-paper baskets of fifteen solicitors' offices, a piece of cheese, a thimble, a copy of the *Spectator*, a half-bottle of sparkling cider, a cat, a nail, a stick, a boot, a bun—and I think that is a handsome offer." Throwing all these things down in a confused heap, the primæval financier leaps upon the horse, shoulders the sack of corn, and leaves the villager in an agony of mental arithmetic. In forty years, perhaps, he suspects injustice.



EMPIRE, REPUBLIC, MONARCHY: A PRINCE'S PHOTOGRAPH OF THE FRENCH PRESIDENT BETWEEN A BONAPARTE PRINCESS AND A BOURBON PRINCESS.

During his visit to Bernstorff Castle on his Danish tour, President Fallières was photographed between Princess Marie Bonaparte (Princess George of Greece) and Princess Marie of Orleans (Princess Valdemar of Denmark). Prince George of Greece took the photograph.

The strongest reason why one man should not go to jail is that he is the kind of man who tends to get there. The strongest reason why another man should be smashed in a law-court is that he is the kind of man who tends to be victorious in a law-court. We have begun to realise that we must leave the mere hunting of the evil-doers, for whom the law is a natural enemy, and begin to sharpen some public weapons against those evil-doers for whom the law is a natural protection. To have overthrown the wealthy, subtle, and cautious financier in a law-court is to have fought the monster on its native heath. It is to have choked the wolf in his lair and knifed the eagle on the edge of the precipice; to have trapped the Red Indian in the forest, and broken the clans in the pass of Killiecrankie. In the ordinary way the one set is sending the other to jail as monotonously as cats are eating birds. It is a reversal that amounts to a revolution that the bird

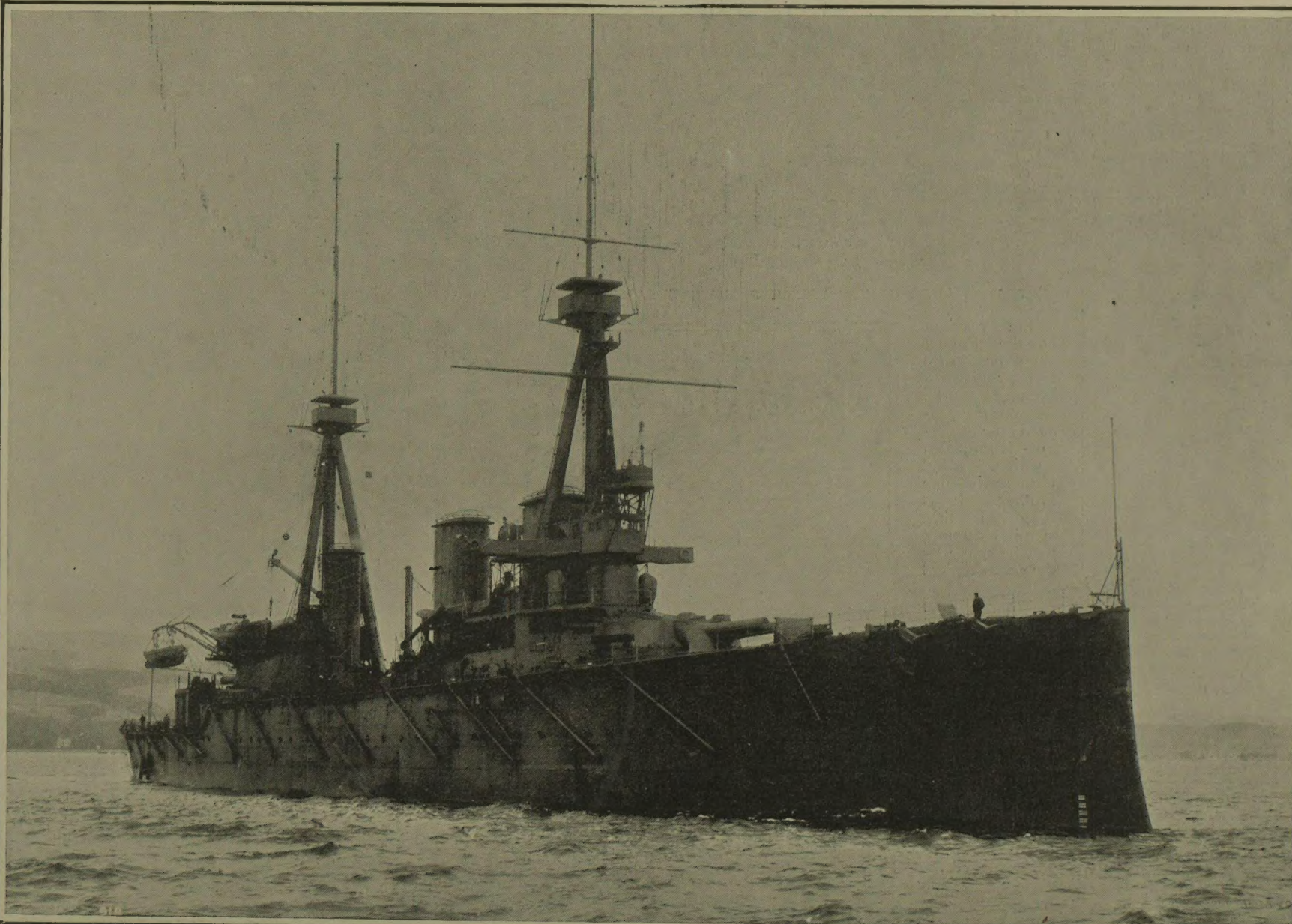


"HURRAH FOR LIBERTY!" TURKISH OFFICERS REJOICING AT SALONICA OVER THE GRANTING OF A CONSTITUTION.



THE TURKS' DELIRIOUS JOY OVER THE CONSTITUTION: THE GREAT DEMONSTRATION AT SALONICA.

Abdul Hamid's revival of the Constitution of 1876 has been greeted with delirious excitement in Turkey. At Salonica a monster demonstration was held, at which thousands of Turks testified to their delight at the new form of government. Officers rode through the streets shouting "Hurrah for Liberty!"—[PHOTOGRAPHS BY TRAMPUS.]



THE SPEED RECORD FOR THE SEVEN SEAS GOES TO THE NAVY: H.M.S. "INDOMITABLE'S" THREE DAYS FROM LAND TO LAND, ON THE PRINCE'S VOYAGE HOME.

The "Indomitable," the battle-ship cruiser which brought the Prince of Wales home from Quebec, has broken the world's record in the speed of steam-ships. During her voyage she worked up a speed of 25.13 knots, and for four hours she actually did 26.4 knots. She carried her heavy guns, of the "Dreadnought" type, a thick coat of armour, and all the rest of the equipments of a man-o'-war ready for immediate action. The "Indomitable" took only three days from Belle Isle to Fastnet, and five days altogether. The Prince took his turn in the stokehold.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MACLURE AND MACDONALD.



THE HON.
LOMER GOUIN,
Premier of Quebec;
New Knight.

CANADIAN
TERCENTENARY
HONOURS.

Photographs by courtesy of "Canada."

THE HON.
J. P. WHITNEY,
Premier of Ontario;
New Knight.



MR. G. GARNEAU,
Mayor of Quebec; New Knight.

COLONEL Sir John Hanbury-Williams, C.M.G., K.C.V.O., honoured by the Prince of Wales, has been Governor-General's Secretary and Military Secretary of Canada since 1904, and will enter his fiftieth year in the autumn. Educated at Wellington College, he joined the 43rd Light Infantry in 1878, and four years later was appointed to the staff of General Hamley, commanding the

Second Division in Egypt, where he took part in the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, and was mentioned in dispatches. Then he saw service in Madras and Burma, and became Military Secretary to Sir Alfred Milner (now Lord Milner) and Secretary to the Secretary of State for War in 1900. He served in the South African War, and made additions there to his list of decorations. Colonel Hanbury-Williams is a keen sportsman, popular on both sides of the Atlantic.

Among the other recipients of honours in Canada, we find the Hon. James Pliny Whitney, Premier of Ontario and President of the Council since 1905. Mr. Whitney started life as a barrister, and has represented the county of Dundas in the Legislature for twenty years. He is an LL.D. of Toronto and Queen's Universities and a D.C.L. of Trinity. Mr. Whitney who was leader of the Opposition from 1897 to 1905, came into power on the fall of the Ross Government.

The Hon. Lomer Gouin, Premier of Quebec, who was knighted by the Prince of Wales, has held his office for three years past, and, like the Premier of Ontario, started his career at the Bar. He has been a member of the Public Instruction Council and Minister of Colonisation and Public Works. His interests outside his office are those of a scholar.

Mr. George Garneau, who also has received a knighthood, is Mayor of Quebec.

Mlle. Fallières, whose engagement to M. Jean Lanes, her father's secretary, is announced, is the only daughter

PORTRAITS & WORLD'S NEWS.



THE HON. RUPERT GUINNESS,
New M.P. for Haggerston.

Unionist party, after a hard-fought triangular contest, is the eldest son of the first Viscount Iveagh by his marriage with the daughter of the late Mr. R. S. Guinness, M.P. for Barnstaple. Born thirty-four years ago, he was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, and served in the South African War, where he was mentioned in dispatches, and received the Queen's medal with three clasps and the C.M.G. For the past five years Mr. Guinness has been Commander of the London Division of the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve. He has served the London School Board, the Metropolitan Asylums Board, and the London County Council, and contested Haggerston against the late Mr. Cremer in 1906, when he found a majority of 401 against him. In his Eton days and for some years afterwards Mr. Guinness was well known as an oarsman. He married some five years ago the eldest daughter of the Earl of Onslow.

A pageant, entitled "King Harry's Revel," has been arranged for performance at Serlby Hall, in Yorkshire, this week by Lord and Lady Galway. Viscountess Galway will take a leading part in the revel, and will appear as Lady Idonia de Serlby, in costume founded upon a picture by Titian; her husband, Viscount Galway, will appear as the Duke of Suffolk. George Edmund Milnes Monckton Arundell, C.B., seventh Viscount Galway, is now in his sixty-fourth year, and his wife is the only daughter of Mr. Ellis Gosling, of Godalming, in Surrey. Lord Galway was educated at Eton and Christ Church, and sat for some years in the Commons as Member for the Northern Division of Nottinghamshire. He is the owner of some seven thousand acres, and was for more than twenty years Colonel Commanding the Sherwood Rangers Yeomanry Cavalry.

The New Turkey. The position in Constantinople is one that can only be discussed with



M. JEAN LANES.

Mlle. FALLIÈRES.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE FRENCH PRESIDENT'S DAUGHTER WITH HER FATHER'S SECRETARY.

of the President of the French Republic, who has by his travels through Europe strengthened the Franco-European position. Mlle. Fallières has one brother. It is rumoured that some attempt will be made by the ecclesiastical authorities to create trouble on the occasion of the marriage; but we do not think too much attention need be paid to gossip of this kind, for M. Fallières is held in high respect throughout France, and it will be remembered that before he was elected President of the Republic he had been re-elected President of the Senate no fewer than eight times.

The Hon. Rupert Edward Cecil Lee Guinness, C.M.G., who has captured Haggerston for the



THE QUEBEC TERCENTENARY STAMPS.

The 2-cents stamp bears portraits of the King and Queen, and the 1-cent the Prince and Princess of Wales. The 1-cent bears the portraits of Cartier and Champlain, and the 7-cents the portraits of Wolfe and Montcalm. The 15-cents shows Champlain departing for the West, and the 5-cents Champlain's first habitation at Quebec. The 20-cents stamp shows Cartier's arrival at Quebec, and the 10-cents bears a view of Quebec in 1700.

considerable caution, for the extremely optimistic talk that has spread as far as the newspapers must be received *cum grano salis*. We can understand that the Sultan's hand was forced as soon as the Second and Third Army Corps showed signs of disaffection, for it will be remembered that the First Army Corps is stationed in the capital, and if it wavered in its allegiance there would be an end to the comparative security that has prevailed so long in Yildiz. There is no real reason to doubt the *bona fides* of the Sultan, who is no longer a young man, and has held his kingdom together for many years; but it is doubtful whether such wrongs as the Turkish Empire has suffered from can

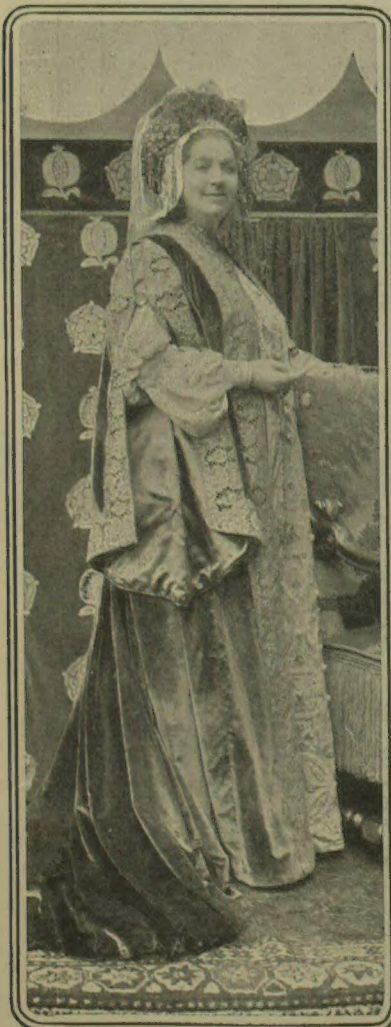
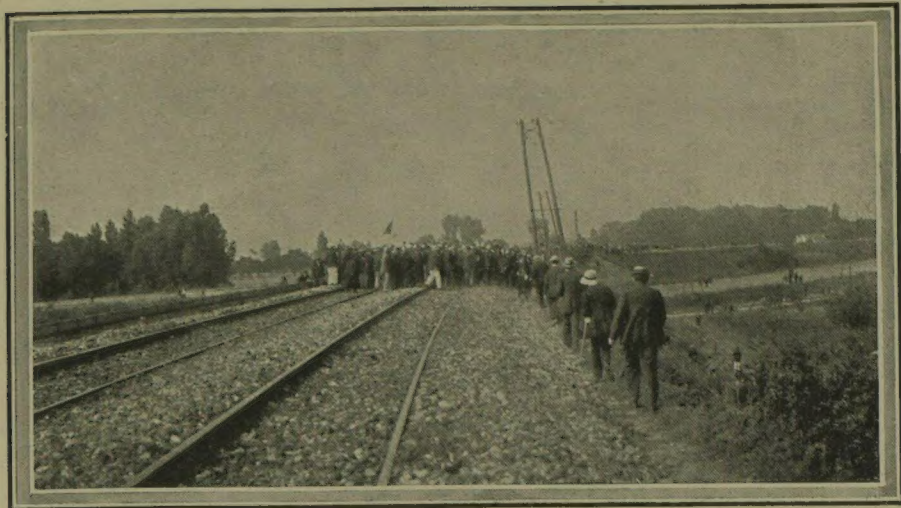


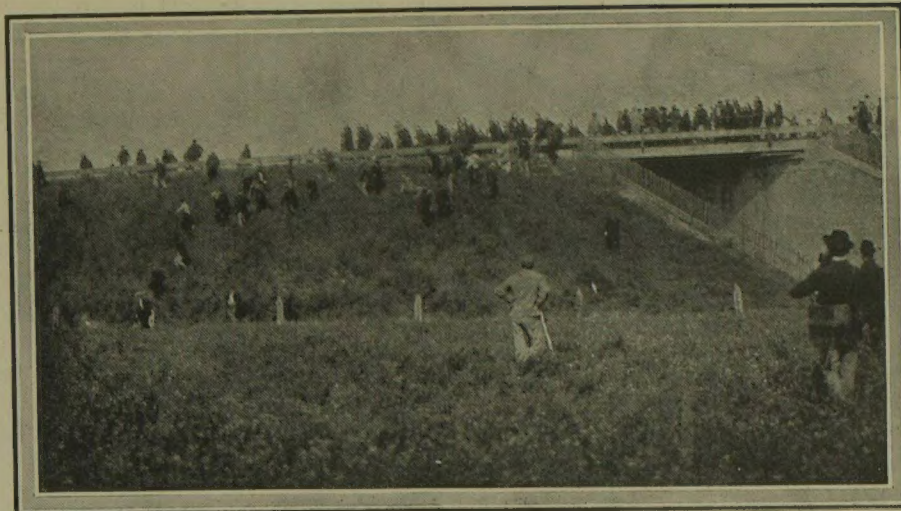
Photo. Knights-Whitome.
VISCOUNTESS GALWAY,
Organiser of "King Harry's Revel."



Photo. A. Knights-Whitome.
VISCOUNT GALWAY,
As the Duke of Suffolk in "King Harry's Revel."



STRIKERS MEETING ON THE BRIDGE FROM WHICH CUIRASSIERS WERE STONED.

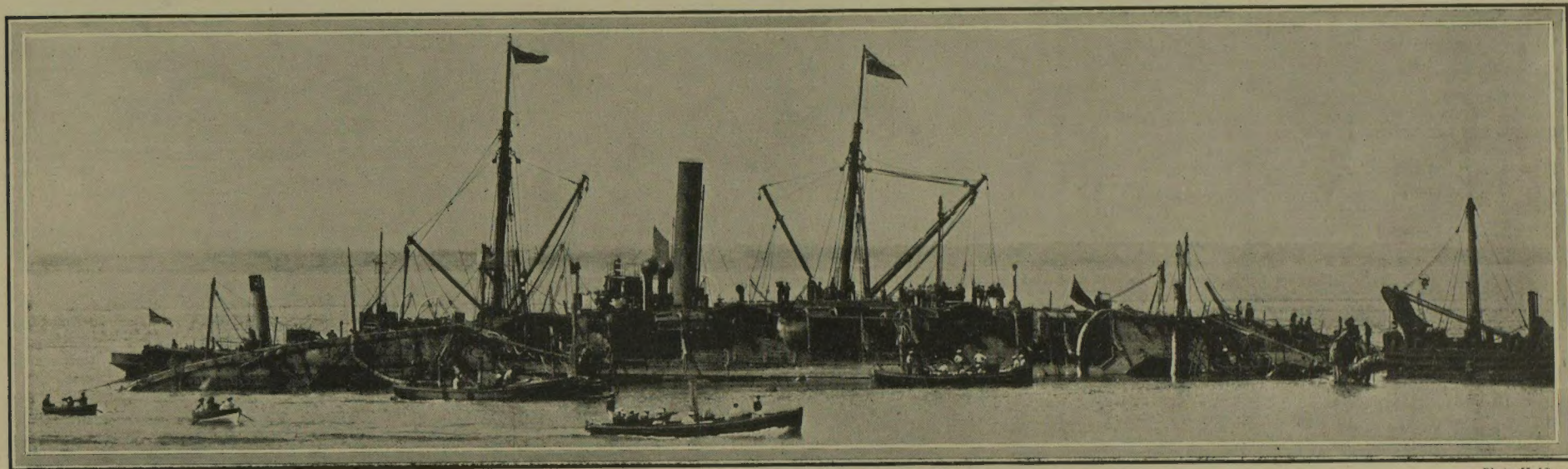


THE TROOPS CLEARING THE BRIDGE AND DISPERSING THE STRIKERS.

Photos, Trampus.

SANGUINARY ENCOUNTERS BETWEEN THE FRENCH STRIKERS AND THE MILITARY AT VIGNEUX-DRAVEIL AND VILLENEUVE.

On Monday last the French General Labour Confederation ordered a general strike of twenty-four hours. The trouble arose from a small strike of navvies at Vigneux-Draveil, near Paris. Many of the newspapers could not appear. At Vigneux-Draveil there were fierce encounters between the troops and the strikers, but the movement ended in nothing.



Photo, Halfstones.

THE KING'S SURPRISE VISIT TO THE SUNKEN "GLADIATOR": THE ROYAL PINNAE PASSING THE WRECK.

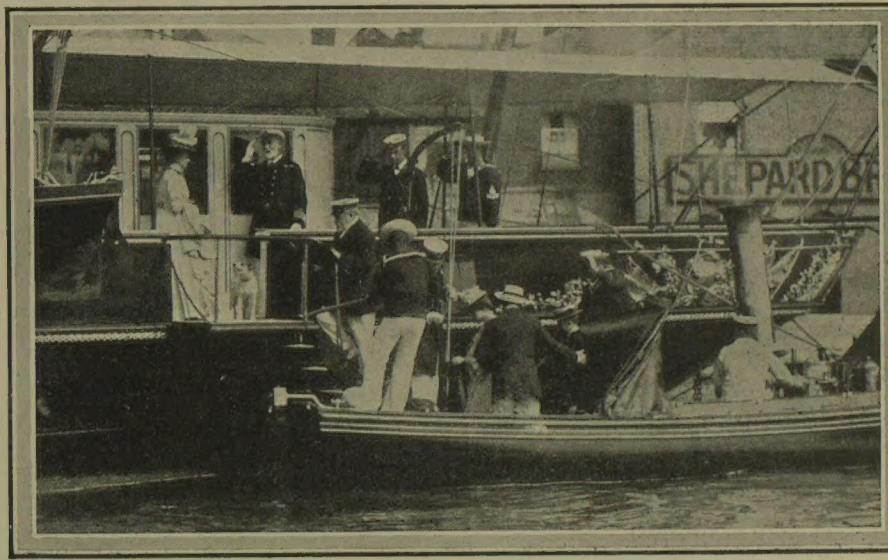
The King paid a surprise visit to the "Gladiator" on August 3. His Majesty sailed to the wreck on his new yacht "Alexandra," and went on board the salvage-vessel dredger. A pinnae from the royal yacht took the party round the wreck.



A PAGEANT ON A POND: MISS CHALLONER AS ELAINE, "THE LILY MAID OF ASTOLAT."

Mrs. Challoner, of Guisborough Hall, Yorkshire, organised a most interesting pageant on Monk's Pond, at Guisborough Priory. The pageant was held for the restoration of St. Nicholas' Parish Church, Guisborough.

The Royal Yacht.



ROYAL VISIT TO THE NAVAL COLLEGE: THE KING, QUEEN, PRINCESS VICTORIA, AND PRINCE EDWARD GOING ON BOARD THE "ALBERTA."

On Monday, the first day of the Cowes Regatta, the King, accompanied by Princess Victoria and Prince Edward of Wales, paid a visit to the Royal Naval College at Osborne, to which they went on board the royal yacht "Alberta."



Photo, Hopkins.

THE KING JOINS THE FOUR HUNDRED YACHTS AT COWES: A PANORAMA OF THE REGATTA.

On the afternoon of August 1, when a fleet of four hundred yachts had assembled at Cowes for the annual regatta, the last touch of interest and picturesqueness was given to the scene when the royal yacht, with the King and Queen on board, dropped anchor in the midst of the fleet. His Majesty was received with a royal salute.



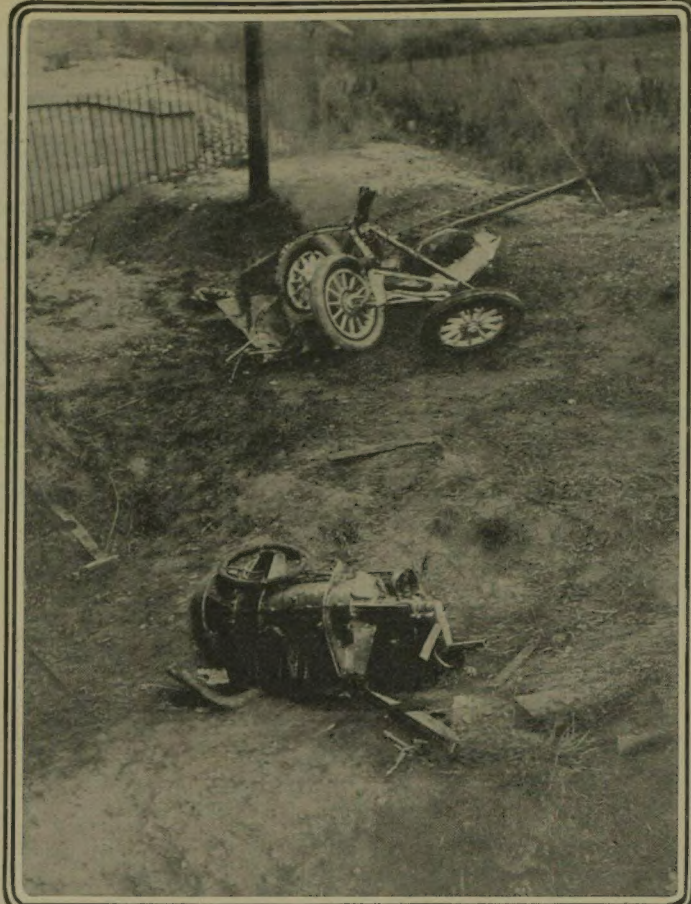
FIRE AT "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OFFICES.

On the afternoon of August 1 fire broke out in the editorial offices of "The Illustrated London News," Milford Lane. The flames were got under in half an hour, but not before great damage had been done to valuable stock, including pictures, plates, and books. Immediate arrangements were made to continue the work of the office as usual.

be righted in a day or a year, by proclamation of a Constitution or by Act of Parliament, and it may be said with confidence that Abdul Hamid cannot take any important steps that will placate all his people at the same time. Moreover—and here we have a point that must not be overlooked—there are several European Powers that have profited in the past and hope to profit in the future by the internal troubles of Turkey and the Sultan's autocratic rule. Russia can hardly desire a state of things that will keep her indefinitely from an outlet to the Mediterranean, Austria has been playing a double game in the Balkans for many years past, and Germany has no use for a Turkish Empire that looks to Great Britain as the proper upholder of liberal institutions. Then again, the corrupt Wazeers who find their occupation gone are not going to cease from intrigue, and to live in future according to the maxims of the young school-child's copy-book; they will be up and doing as soon as it is safe to get up and do. On the other hand, there is some definite good news to record, and if it be true that the Greek bands in Macedonia have laid down their arms and retired from business, a very serious situation will have been considerably improved. The most we can say with safety is that the promulgation of a Constitution is a very large step in the right direction, and that if Turkey, through her rulers, is

honestly minded to mend her ways, she will not fail to find powerful assistance in Europe, though it may not be forthcoming from quarters that have supported her hitherto.

Parliament. "Go to the seaside, play golf, and clear your brain," was the advice given by Mr. Balfour to a Radical member on the eve of the adjournment of the House of Commons. He himself looked as if he were, physically, in need of recreation on the links, and most of the other members professed to be fagged and bored by the work and entertainment of the session. Probably many of them were glad to escape from the trippers from their constituencies who sought admission to the Gallery, and hoped to be invited to the Terrace.—Last Saturday, as Mr. Crooks said, "ought to have been the happiest day of the whole session," and undoubtedly it was so in the case of the Ministers and the officials. They had had enough of speeches for a season. The last word was with Mr. Alpheus Cleophas Morton, who stated that except for the Tobacco Act he was going to Sutherlandshire empty-handed. Members familiar with the Highlands in autumn quite realised that in such a condition he might not be very welcome! The Session, as the Prime Minister boasted, had not been barren from a legislative point of view, as many as thirty-three Government Bills,



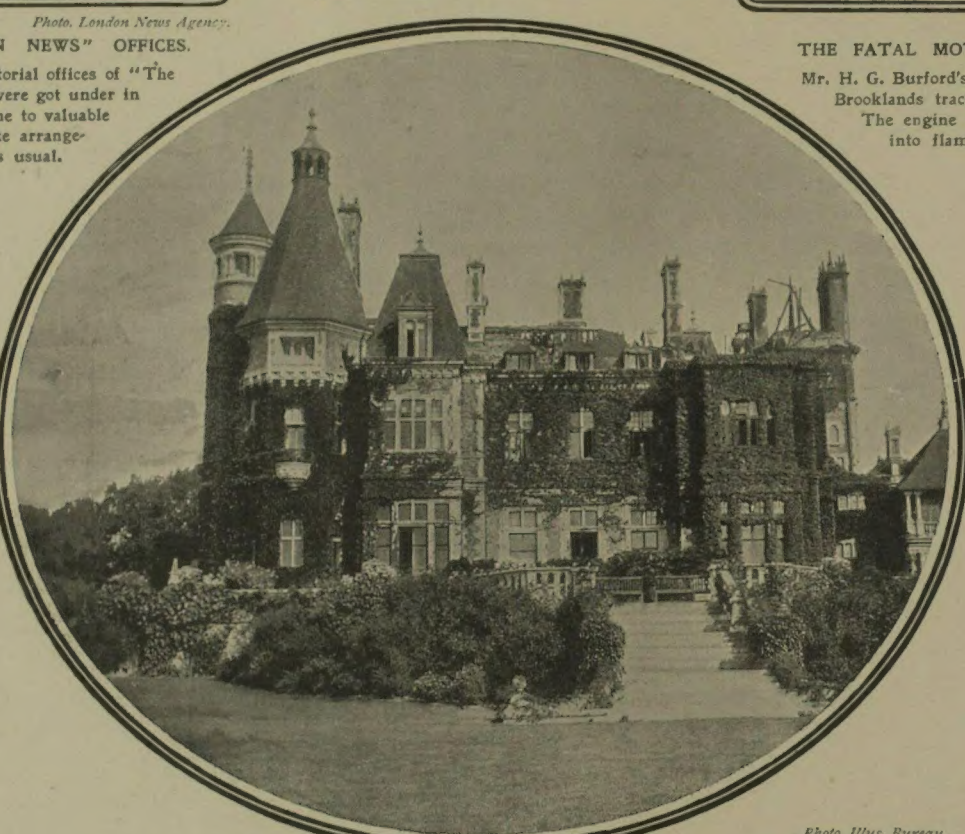
THE FATAL MOTOR ACCIDENT: ENGINE AND CHASSIS.

Mr. H. G. Burford's 76-h.p. Mercedes, while flying at a terrific speed at Brooklands track, hit the bridge crossing the Wey, and went over. The engine was flung ten yards from the chassis, which burst into flames. The driver, William Burke, was killed, and the mechanic was terribly bruised and shaken.

listened to a stirring speech by Mr. Winston Churchill. Mr. Asquith, also, addressed the delegates at the Cobden Club.

The Fire at Norman-

Normanhurst, the beautiful Sussex residence of Lord Brassey, was damaged extensively by a fire that broke out on Saturday afternoon. Lord Brassey was entertaining a week-end party, and a number of his guests were on the lawn in front of the house when news was passed that the east wing was ablaze. The house fire-engine was at once requisitioned, but it was seen that it would not avail to deal with the outbreak, and the brigades from Hastings, Battle, and Bexhill were summoned by telephone. Lord Brassey and the Hon. Tom Brassey ascended to the top of the house to direct operations, and were several times in danger when portions of the roof began to fall. Some fifteen bedrooms were burnt out, and the main staircase was considerably damaged by water, but all the guests assisted in removing treasures from the threatened parts of the mansion, and in the end it was found that the damage done was relatively inconsiderable. Normanhurst, which is one of the finest country houses in Sussex, was built by Lord Brassey some forty years ago, and the fire was supposed, at the time of writing, to have been due to some defect in one of the chimneys.

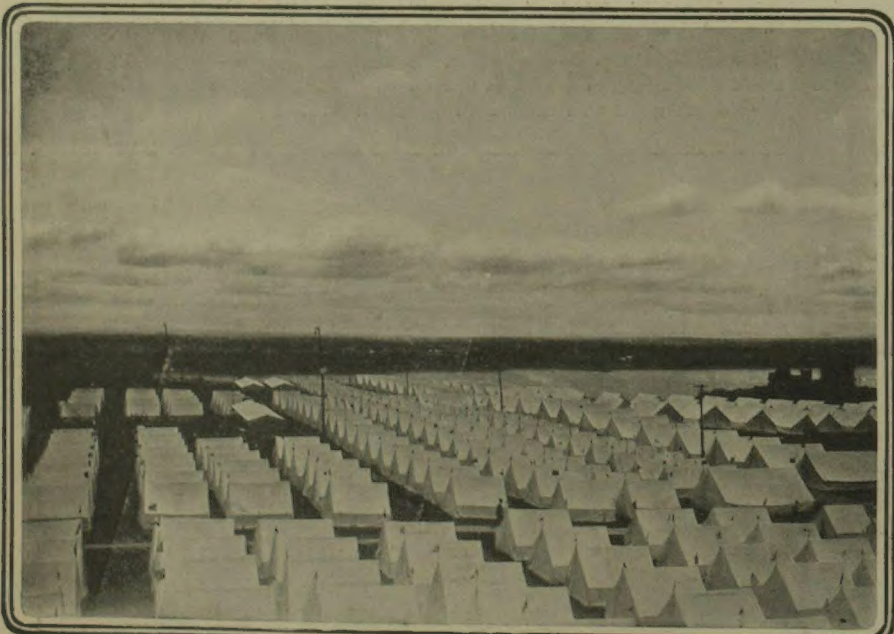


THE FIRE AT NORMANHURST, LORD BRASSEY'S BEAUTIFUL HOME.

On the afternoon of Aug. 2 a great portion of the eastern wing of Normanhurst, Lord Brassey's beautiful house, was destroyed by fire. Lord Brassey directed the firemen in person, and the valuable pictures and curiosities were nearly all saved.

besides private members' Bills, being passed into law. The delights of loch and moor were, however, deferred by the opening of the International Free Trade Congress on Tuesday. Many prominent members

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QUEBEC'S GUESTS UNDER CANVAS: THE TENTED CITY.

Quebec's hotel accommodation was so much taxed that she had to organise a camp for the visitors at the celebrations. It was divided into sections representing different nationalities, whose flags appeared above the tents.



THE FIRST ELECTRIC RAILWAY IN NORWAY OPENED BY KING HAAKON.

The first electric railway in Norway, which runs to Trondhjem, has just been opened by King Haakon, who made the first journey on the cars. The car was photographed as it was making its return journey to Trondhjem.

BURYING THE SPOONS: A GROTESQUE FUNERAL HELD BY TIME-EXPIRED GERMAN CONSCRIPTS.

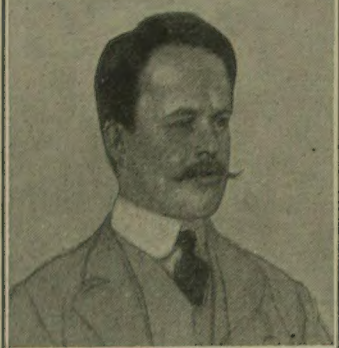
DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK FROM A SKETCH BY E. HOSANG.



THE DIRGE OF THE SPOONS: GERMAN CONSCRIPTS CELEBRATING THE EXPIRY OF THEIR SERVICE.

On the last day of a time-expired draft in the German Army, the men are allowed to amuse themselves with burlesque ceremonials. Some time ago we illustrated the mock parade, a joke which the Kaiser greatly enjoys. After the parade the men dig a grave and solemnly bury their regimental spoons, which during the march-past are hung upon a straw cross. The spoons are buried to the sound of hymns and dirges.

• AT THE SIGN OF ST. PAUL'S •



MR. NEIL MUNRO,
Whose new novel is to appear serially in the
autumn—[From the portrait by W. Strang.]



MR. HENRY CHARLES WOODS,
Late of the Grenadier Guards, author of
"Washed by Four Seas." (Fisher Unwin.)

ANDREW LANG IS PLEASANTLY DIVERSE.

THE editor of the "Naturalist" portion of the *Field*, like the father of Madelon and Cathos, in Molière, seems to be *terriblement enfoncé dans la matière*. At least he does not explain, by a spiritual theory, a "Curious Assemblage of Shrews" witnessed by Mr. Frederick Longman, and described by him in the *Field* of July 4, page 4.

On May 27 Mr. Longman's curiosity was aroused by "a great squeaking coming from a hedgerow," near Holt, in Norfolk. He lay in hiding, and observed a procession of about a hundred shrew mice, in single file, some of them carrying sticks in their mouths, sticks about an inch and a half in length. Mr. Longman wants to know why shrews carry sticks, but the editor cannot enlighten him.

On the other hand, a lady naturalist, Celtic by race, informs me that the shrews were not shrews, but fairies. When alarmed by human approach, she says, the fairies adopt animal forms, and change their horses into sticks, especially at Beltane.

The date of Beltane is unknown to me, but I think it is early in May. There was a belated "fairy flitting," that is the Celtic explanation of the curious assemblage of shrews. It was a function of the "secret commonwealth of elves, fauns, and fairies."

A gamekeeper of my acquaintance declines to believe the story that a partridge, in a quarter of an hour, removed twenty-one of her eggs from a too-conspicuous to a more secret place of hatching. It certainly seems a considerable feat—for a partridge.

My friend the keeper adds that he has seen a woodhen (the female of the woodcock) carry one of her young brood to a place of safety, using both her bill and her legs, and flying in a very cramped style. The partridge has less mechanical advantage in the way of bill, but I would not deny that her feat was beyond her powers.

It is sad to be, as I am, July 25, on a salmon and sea trout river with very little water in it. There the fish are, and we have presented them with a varied bill-of-fare. I have tried blue dun and Whitchurch dun, Wickham's Fancy, and Greenwell's Glory, both wet and dry, but the fish rise seldom, and never fail to escape. Others have offered worms (I regret to say), phantom minnow, and a small spoon, by daylight and in the dark, but all in vain. There are no natural flies on the water, and even the yellow trout never show up. Perhaps, like South African trout as described in the *Field*, they are "acquiring gross habits," bottom-feeding; but asceticism seems a more probable explanation, for the stony bottom does not yield any obvious food. There was one good fishing day, but "the Sabbath cam", and nip it up." Fishing is really one of "the Pleasures of the Imagination" in July. I have been told that, in his last days, Mr. John Bright indulged in

these, and would make imaginary casts with a stick, "striking" now and then, and saying, "I've got him!" This was a most pleasing trait in the character of the Quaker statesman.

the errors of another, we always make mistakes.

In the *Dublin Review* for July, a learned priest corrects a translation from mediæval Latin by an eminent author. The eminent author certainly blundered egregiously; but his critic has "seen him, and gone one better," or worse.

The Latin means "We judges have to do" so-and-so, and it is translated "*The Judge will have to do*" so-and-so. As it happens, the mistake is important. No doubt, both author and critic know Latin perfectly well. Their blunders arise from "the malady of not marking."

For historical reasons I have had to look into the late Mr. Myers's book of over 1100 pages on "Human Personality." It contains, perhaps, some two thousand of what are commonly called "ghost stories," but the exhibitions of normal human nature by the people who record their odd experiences are, perhaps, at least as instructive as the abnormal events.

Thus a lady dies in a great American town, and her two daughters retire to a room to indulge or compose their grief. In this room they hear their brother's voice, singing a song unfamiliar to me, "We maun bide a wee," to the music of a melodeon; he is accompanied by the high soprano voice of a lady. The song is heard first through one and then through another window of the upper chamber.

One of the ladies, who tells the anecdote, says that her brother, at a social party of his religious sect, in a town seven hundred miles away, was actually singing that song, with a melodeon and a high soprano

accompaniment, at the moment when she and her sister heard it. Though the brother knew it not, the telegram with the news of his mother's death had arrived while he sang, and was kept back, so as not to disturb the harmony of the occasion.

These are odd facts, but it is, perhaps, quite as odd that the lady says her sister is "proud and conservative," and will not give evidence. In fact, she did admit that the story was true, but declined to do more. The brother also was conservative and proud, and would not send the printed programme of the musical evening, containing the names of the song and the singers.

Why does conservatism enjoin this reticence, and where does pride come in? Meanwhile the proud sister wrote that the communicative sister "approved of scientific research," but *she* was otherwise minded.

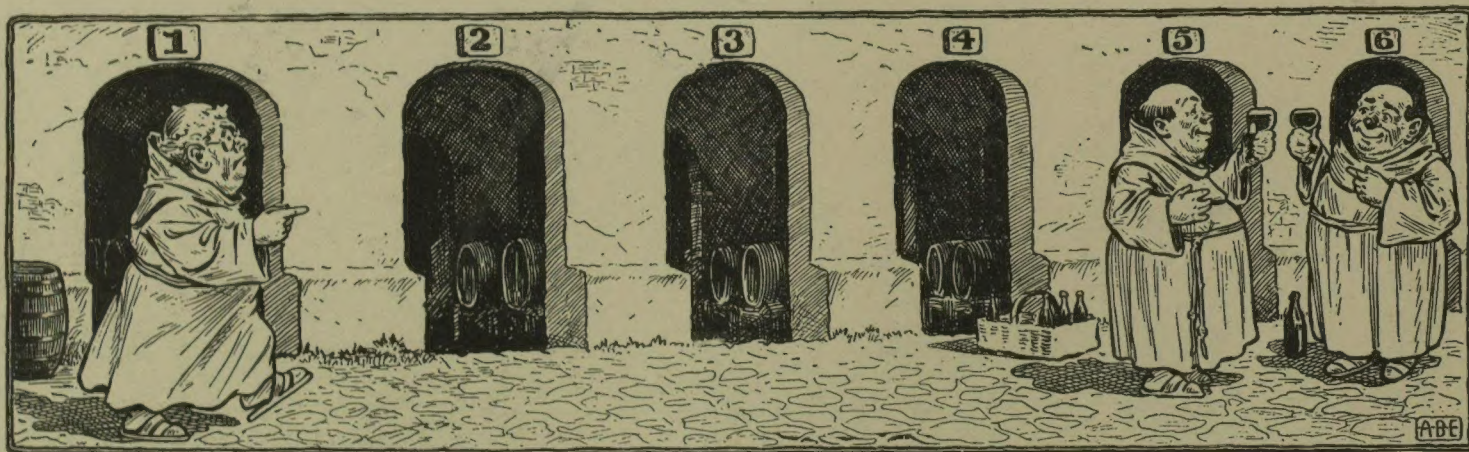
Really one does not see what there was to be ashamed of, though at the same time the science of acoustics has little to gain from such an isolated case of hyperæsthesia as the hearing of a Scottish melody from a distance of seven hundred miles.



Photo. Hornby.

THE PLAGUE WELL AT EYAM, DERBYSHIRE.

The infection of the Great Plague was brought in a bale of cloth from London to Eyam, and 259 out of the 350 inhabitants of the village perished. The village was isolated by Mompesson, the rector, and by the Dissenting minister Stanley, who formed a cordon sanitaire. In the waters of Mompesson's well the stricken people placed money for provisions left near at hand by persons outside the infected area.



BOOK NEWS: THE SIX BEST CELLARS.

FROM "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

It is a curious part of the natural history of the human mind that, if ever we try to correct

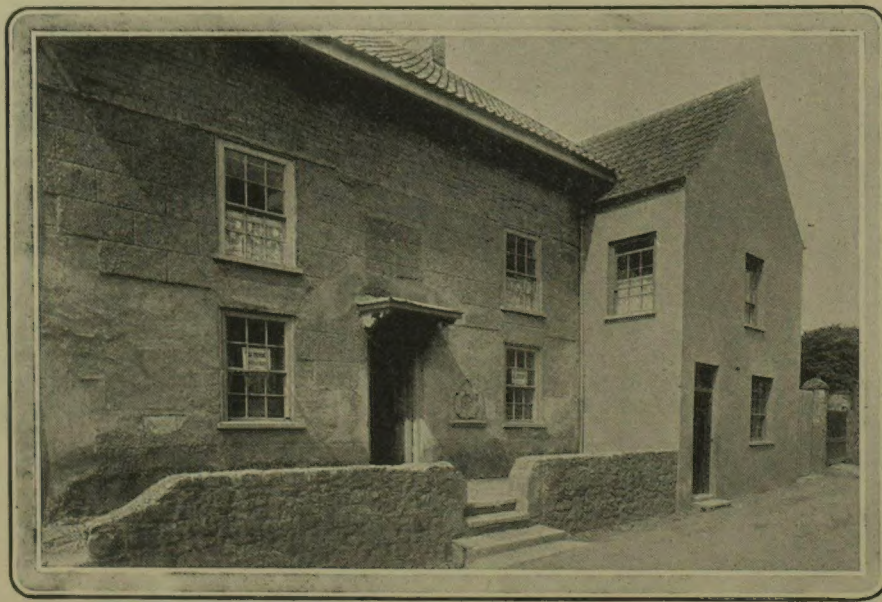


Photo. Prith.

WHERE "THE ANCIENT MARINER" WAS WRITTEN: COLERIDGE'S COTTAGE, PURCHASED FOR THE NATION.

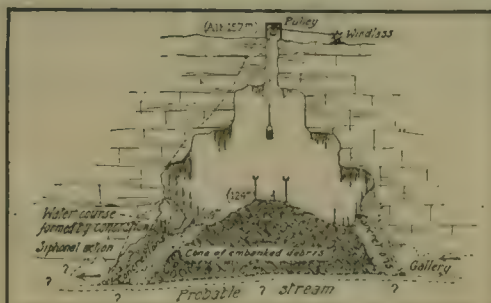
Coleridge's cottage at Nether Stowey, in West Somersetshire, has been purchased for the nation. It was in this house that Coleridge wrote "The Ancient Mariner" and "Christabel."

DRILLED FROM BOTTOM TO TOP BY AN UNDERGROUND STREAM.

THE INTERIOR OF THE CAVERN OF PROUMEYSSAC, IN THE DORDOGNE.



THE fact that the opening at the top of this extraordinary gulf is on a level plain with no surrounding basin makes it impossible that the cavern should have been hollowed out by water flowing from above. The only possible theory is that it must have been cut out through many ages from the bottom to the top by the circling flow of an underground stream. This stream, working first in a small chasm, hollowed out the great cave by hydrostatic



pressure. The height of the cavern from the top of the mound is about 99 feet, its length is 180 feet from east to west, and its breadth 120 feet from north to south. The extreme depth is 471 feet. In it are found many beautiful stalactites. In the centre of the cave is a huge mound in the form of a cone, formed of loose stones and debris. Visitors are let down in a basket worked by a windlass, and for their benefit the vault is illuminated with magnesium light.

A NEW IDEA FOR A GARDEN PARTY: AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY FÊTE REVIVED.

DRAWN BY LEON FAURET.



THE BALLET "LOUIS XV." PERFORMED IN THE GARDEN OF BARON HENRI DE ROTHSCHILD, PARIS.

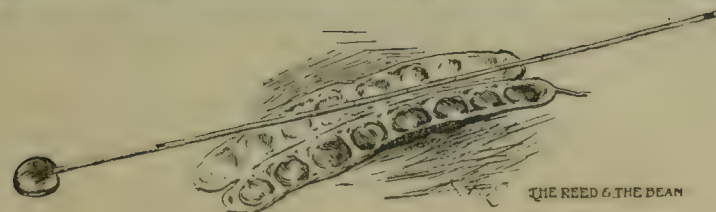
At a recent fête in his garden in the Faubourg St. Honoré, Baron Henri de Rothschild surprised his guests with a representation of a ballet, in which were revived the figures of Louis XV., Madame du Barry, and the Chevalier d'Eon. Du Barry, as a shepherdess, danced with a shepherd. They were interrupted by a personage who offered her rich presents. She repelled him, remained faithful to her shepherd, danced to the distraction of the Court, and received the congratulations of the King.

"KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE MOUND": THE FIJIAN EQUIVALENT OF GOLF.

DRAWN BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE.



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, Aug. 8, 1908.—193



THE REED & THE BEAN

THE REED - AND - BEAN GAME: FIJIAN PLAYERS AT TIGA.

THE Fijian game of tiga is probably as ancient as golf, which it somewhat resembles. The brown warriors play along the roadway, and the game consists of long drives with a reed, one end of which is set in a large brown bean. Balancing a javelin nicely in the hand, with the forefinger as the driving power, they project it swiftly at a mound on the road ahead, from which it glances, falling two or three hundred yards away. Thus they walk and play for miles, vying with each other for the longest drive. The Fijians "keep their eye on the mound"; for it needs some skill to strike the heap of stones at the right spot on the reed, so as to secure a long straight flight.



THE REED & BEAN RICOCHETTING FROM THE HEAP OF STONES

SCIENCE AND
NATURAL HISTORYPhoto. Elliott and Fry.
GREAT MEN OF SCIENCE, No. I.LORD RAYLEIGH,
Chancellor of Cambridge.

compleishes her curative work. Yet, just as there is a regular science of disease-producing processes, so there must exist a history of ways and means whereby the state of disease is exchanged for, and replaced by, a condition of haleness. Neither disease nor its cure is, in one sense at least, to be regarded as unnatural things. Each falls into its place as an occurrence liable to happen when the conditions favour its development, and each is part and parcel of the constitution of that great series of actions which we collectively style "life," for want, indeed, of a better or more comprehensive designation. The attack on living beings by a microbe is thus a perfectly legitimate action, regarded from the fact that

SCIENCE
JOTTINGS.

MODES OF CURE.

It is astonishing to reflect that while everyone who is ill desires to be cured, so few of us ever give a thought to the modes in which Nature ac-

and plentifully in his blood or elsewhere, and the attack of the disease is shortened and recovery speedily attained. On the other hand, the anti-toxin may be developed slowly, with difficulty, or not at all in sufficient quantity, and so the chances of recovery fade into the background, and restoration to health is a slow and laboured process, or, unhappily, one which is not represented at all. The part played by the doctor here is really that of the watchful advocate who is

to adopt any measures which shall turn the verdict in favour of the accused. This is really what is implied in the expectant treatment of disease. The malady cannot be cut short—it must run its course; but the watchful eye of science is ready to note chances and conditions of which advantage may be taken to combat the enemy, and to make victory more secure by husbanding the strength of the patient, and by adopting every other means to favour the natural rout of the microbe.

Beyond the mode of cure through which Nature thus relieves her suffering children, there lies yet other benefits worthy of note. One attack of certain diseases is known to prevent subsequent seizure. There are, of course, exceptions. An individual may acquire scarlet fever twice, or take measles, typhus, or smallpox a second time; but, as a rule, his first

Photo. Elliott and Fry.
GREAT MEN OF SCIENCE, No. II.SIR WILLIAM RAMSAY.
Discoverer of Argon.TERMITES' NESTS LIKE MUSHROOMS: ACRES AND ACRES
OF GROUND ARE COVERED WITH THESE.THE DESTRUCTIVE TERMITE AND ITS
WONDERFUL ARCHITECTURE.

The Termites, or White-Ants, are not true ants, but are usually classed with them on account of the similarity of their habits. The queen, whose body, white in colour, is about the size of an ordinary sausage, is imprisoned in an excavation in the centre of the nest, usually two or three yards below the surface. She is constantly fed by the workers, who also remove the eggs as they are deposited in the enclosure. The methods adopted for incubation are not known: it is believed that by treatment of the eggs during this period the ants are able to produce either workers or soldiers as may be required. Possibly the mounds shown in the photographs are used as nurseries, one storey for workers and another for soldiers; another theory is that they may be used as granaries in order to prevent the food supply becoming spoilt by the rains. The writer has broken up many mounds, but has never found a trace of eggs, food, or ants. The general appearance of a large number of the smaller heaps is exactly that of a field of mushrooms.

DID MAN COPY THIS FOR HIS HOUSE?—A VERY
PERFECT THREE-DECKER TERMITES' NEST.AN EXTRAORDINARY HEIGHT FOR TERMITES' NESTS:
TEN FEET AS AGAINST EIGHTEEN INCHES.

as the germ exists, it demands its particular pabulum which it finds in the body. And the cure of the disease to which it gives rise, through the development of principles which are antagonistic to the germ itself, is also to be viewed as the natural result of its lodgment and multiplication in the living frame.

Thus it is that if the bane exists in the shape of the disease-producing microbe, the antidote is supplied by the life-history and development of the germ itself. Every disease which is of germ-origin arises and produces its characteristic symptoms, because there are developed poisons or "toxins" through the multiplication of the germs in the affected body. The symptoms of one fever vary from those of another, because the toxin produced in each case exercises different effects from those found in other diseases. Just as an ordinary poison, swallowed by mistake, may be known by the particular results it causes, and is so distinguished from other poisons, so the toxins which are manufactured by our microbic enemies can be recognised by the special symptoms to which each gives rise. Only, in the latter case, Nature herself provides the remedy, and the germs literally wrest themselves to their own destruction.

Sooner or later, in the relationship between the germ and the culture-ground it has found in the body, there is developed a substance or principle we call an "antitoxin." This is the antidote to the virulent toxin itself. The remedy takes time to develop. It may, when circumstances are favourable to the patient, develop quickly

HAS MAN COPIED THE ANT?—A NATIVE HUT LIKE A TERMITES' THREE-DECKER
NEST, IN THE VILLAGE OF TOURMANEA, FRENCH GUINEA.

defending his client against the insidious attack of an unjust prosecution. He waits patiently, quick to seize any chance of favouring the case for the defence, and

attack prevents a second. In the case of other diseases, no such immunity is conferred by one attack.

Typhoid fever, unfortunately a too common ailment, may be our portion more than once if we are exposed to reinfection. Now, here we have illustrated in the case of many ailments a mode of protection against disease conferred by the circumstances of a first invasion of the body, and the question naturally arises to what conditions is the escape from renewed attack due. In seeking a reply, we evidently must fall back on the circumstances of the original invasion. It seems to be reasonable to suppose that the effects of the antitoxin are not in all cases quickly terminated, but that, on the contrary, in some diseases the protection conferred lasts for life.

It is open to us to suppose that the antitoxins alter the receptivity of the body, and thus render it incapable of harbouring germs which originally had power to affect it. This result may be attained either by adding to the frame some protective principle which acts as a barrier to the disease-development or by exhausting the body of some special substance which is necessary for the development of the microbe. Then we have to take also into account that the blood itself is known to possess natural qualities which confer disease-resisting powers upon it, and we may not be far afield in our speculation if we assume that it is the blood which is really the theatre of all the modes of cure which Nature so ingeniously employs.

ANDREW WILSON.

AN INSECT PRACTICAL JOKER: THE TERMITE THAT EATS YOUR BOOTS, BUT LEAVES THEM APPARENTLY INTACT.



1. SECTION OF THE TERMITES' NEST.

2. PORTION OF AN UNDERGROUND NEST OF A TERMITES' COLONY.

3. THE WINGED MALE, THE QUEEN WITH HER ENORMOUS EGG-BAG, SOLDIERS, AND WORKERS.

4. PERPETUAL PRISONERS: THE TERMITE QUEEN AND HER MATE.

5. TERMITES' REFUGE-NESTS, BUILT IN TREES, BUT COMMUNICATING WITH THEIR UNDERGROUND HABITATION.

6. THE TERMITES' LOVE OF LITERATURE: THE HAVOC THEY WORK ON A BOOK.

7. THE BOOKWORMS' LABOURS: A VOLUME DESTROYED BY TERMITES AT LA ROCHELLE.

8. THE INSIDE OF A PIECE OF WOOD EATEN AWAY BY THE TERMITES.

On our "Science" Page will be found a further account of the Termites, the most destructive insects. They are not properly "ants," although they are often confused with them. Their ways are more wonderful than those of the bee. The queen Termite with her enormous egg-bag is about as big as an ordinary sausage. She and her mate are kept perpetual prisoners in a cell. The working Termites fetch them food, and introduce it through the small holes to be seen around the central orifice in Illustration No. 4. Very often travellers in French Guinea, on putting on their boots, suddenly see them vanish into dust. They have been eaten to a shell by the Termites.—[PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAURENCE.]



ART NOTES.

THE Academy Exhibition of 1908 closes its doors on a prosperous season. The number of visitors passing its turnstiles has been almost a record one; for if the Franco-British Exhibition, with its splendid gathering of pictures, sufficed for some of the one-man-one-show men, it attracted to London a large influx of visitors, many of whom (though not the French among them) availed themselves of the opportunity to climb the broad staircase at Burlington House. Indeed, increased ease and cheapness of locomotion promises increased prosperity to all such institutions as the Academy, and this, rather unluckily, without any regard to the merits of the Exhibition. To the average visitor in search—if that be not too strenuous a term—of story and episode the painter-like qualities of the canvases on the wall hardly count.

The connoisseur, however, has to ask himself primarily if a little group of painters, whom he can tell off on the fingers of one hand, are in good or bad form in the exhibition in question. At Burlington House this year portraiture fared ill, inasmuch as Mr. Sargent was represented by only four or five middlings, and by no masterpiece. In landscape, where Mr. Clausen ranks as Mr. Sargent ranks in portraiture, a first without a second, Burlington House has left us three memories to mark the season now drawn to its close—a constellation of happinesses in the mind's eye to look back upon during all the dull autumn and winter of the London year.

That Rodin is to illustrate a volume of poems by a French author, whose identity is kept secret, means much for the success of the poems; as does also, by a strange concurrence, the report that the author, "Humilis," is in a lunatic-asylum and hopelessly insane. Not always could Rodin command, though he might deserve, a literary success. One illustration of his is almost forgotten—one belonging to a period when he had not the hardihood to draw with his eyes shut, or, rather, with his eyes on the model and never on his paper—a habit accounting for the very random and astonishing drawings exposed recently at the New Gallery.—E. M.



Photo, Halfpenny.

THE HELPMATE OF THE GREATEST LIVING FRENCH DRAMATIST: MME. ROSTAND IN HER GARDEN AT CAMBO

Mme. Rostand is very helpful to her husband in his work. His latest play, "Chanticleer," brought him £10,000 on account of royalties.



WHAT SOCIETY MUST WEAR TO BE TRULY GREEK: EXQUISITE ANCIENT JEWELLERY.

These exquisite examples of goldsmith's work cannot be later than about the year 350 B.C. They include an elaborate necklace, a pair of earrings, a diadem, a snake finger-ring, and some little gold rosettes. The symbolism on the diadem is Bacchic. In the centre are two figures holding the Thyrsus, the inseparable emblem of the worship of Dionysus.

MUSIC.

THE opera season now at an end has been remarkable less for what it has

undertaken than for what it has achieved. With a programme entirely free from the suspicion of novelty, the directors have had the satisfaction of finding the house crowded night after night, and all the "star" artists in the company have been acclaimed. Melba, Tetrassini, Maria Gay, Cavalieri—one and all have held the audience, and it may be taken for granted that the financial results of the season have satisfied all concerned, remembering how often the seating accommodation has been exhausted. One of the results of Mme. Tetrassini's success has been the revival of "The Barber of Seville," and the insistence upon such works as "Traviata" and "Lucia," that have long lost any appeal they may have made of old-time to the intelligence. Perhaps their appeal is now to the sentiment of the old and the middle-aged, as well as to the large section that declines to take opera seriously at any time, and accepts every work that will display a prima-donna's voice at its best. While there has been no attempt to introduce novelties, while "Don Giovanni" and "Mefistofele" figure on the

list of the Syndicate's broken promises, it must be confessed that the work selected has been given most effectively. Good casts have been the rule, and the management has not hesitated to put even the small parts in capable hands. The temptation to economise has often proved irresistible in the past, to the great sacrifice of the *ensemble*. While it would be easy to wax indignant with those responsible for Grand Opera in this country for their lack of initiative and enterprise, it would be very unjust to do so. The failure of the autumn opera season proves conclusively to those of us who attended most of the excellent performances associated with it that there is no support for opera unless the performances are made sensational by the presence in the cast of some singer whom everybody desires to hear. The general public that supports "The Merry Widow" and "Havana" will not travel to Covent Garden to hear "Aida" or "Madama Butterfly," and while those who support the Grand Opera are satisfied with what the Syndicate gives them, it is absurd to complain.



A PERFORMANCE OF "POLYEUCTE" IN THE ANCIENT OPEN-AIR THEATRE AT CARTHAGE.



A PERFORMANCE OF "ELECTRA" BY MME. SYLVAIN IN HER OPEN-AIR THEATRE AT MANTEAU, NEAR TOULON.

THE CULT OF THE OPEN-AIR THEATRE, AND THE REVIVAL OF THE CLASSICAL DRAMA.

CHILDREN'S HOMAGE TO CHAMPLAIN, THE FOUNDER OF QUEBEC.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN QUEBEC.



THE GREAT DEMONSTRATION OF CHILDREN OF THE CATHOLIC ASSOCIATIONS BEFORE CHAMPLAIN'S STATUE.

On the opening day of the Quebec celebrations the children of Roman Catholic Canada did honour to the statue of Champlain. They assembled at the foot of the Champlain statue, opposite the Château Frontenac, on the hill where Champlain built his first Canadian dwelling. The children placed a wreath of laurel on the statue. Beside the monument was planted the Papal banner of white and gold and the French Fleur-de-lis. In the foreground are the Champlain Guards in their white uniforms.

THREE CENTURIES ROLLED BACK AT QUEBEC: SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN REVISITS THE CITY HE FOUNDED.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN QUEBEC.



INDIANS ESCORTING CHAMPLAIN'S SHIP, THE RECONSTRUCTED "DON DE DIEU," THROUGH LINES OF MODERN WAR-SHIPS.

On July 25 a facsimile of Champlain's ship bore representatives of the founder of Quebec and his crew up the St. Lawrence. The vessel, escorted by Indian warriors in canoes, sailed round the point of St. Joseph into full view of the city and up to the landing-place at the market wharf. Champlain and the members of his crew were acted by representatives of the leading families of Quebec. On landing, the pioneer entered a representation of the first building constructed by him in the city, and erected for the celebrations from Champlain's own drawings. Headed by Cartier and his men, Champlain marched to his own statue on Dufferin Terrace. The Prince of Wales reviewed the procession.

QUEBEC WELCOMES THE PRINCE OF WALES, AND REVIEWS HER HISTORY.

DRAWING BY A. FORESTIER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN QUEBEC.



REAL INDIANS IN THE QUEBEC PAGEANT: IROQUOIS BEARING IN THEIR DEAD AFTER AN UNSUCCESSFUL ATTACK UPON FORT LONG SAULT.

In the Historical Pageant of Quebec, performed before the Prince of Wales, the struggles of the early settlers with the Indians were commemorated. The parts of the Indians were taken by actual Red-skin braves.—[PHOTOGRAPH BY TOPICAL.]



Lord Roberts.

Earl Grey.

Lady Grey.

The Prince.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

THE CANADIAN PARLIAMENT'S WELCOME TO THE PRINCE: SIR WILFRID LAURIER'S ADDRESS.

On July 22 the Prince of Wales, on landing at the Royal Wharf, was welcomed by Earl Grey, the Governor-General, and by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, on behalf of the Government of Canada. The Prime Minister recalled the history of Quebec, and said that the people rejoiced to think that the Prince was no stranger to the city. In his reply the Prince emphasised the loyalty of the King's French-Canadian subjects.

A CATHEDRAL FOUNDED ON A LIMB OF THE DANCING SAINT.



SAINT VITUS' CATHEDRAL, IN THE ROYAL CITY OF PRAGUE.

The original church upon the site of the Cathedral of Prague was founded in the tenth century by the princely Saint Wenceslas. He had received as a gift from the German King Henry I. an arm of St. Vitus, and he founded a church in which to preserve the precious relic. Wenceslas himself was buried in the Cathedral. The present magnificent building, one of the finest Gothic piles in Central Europe, was begun in 1334 by Charles I. Many generations passed before it was completed, while among the master-builders who carried on the work were Matthew of Arras, Peter Parler, and Benes of Loun. The Chapel of Wenceslas is a wonder of jewelled decoration. This summer it has drawn crowds of visitors who are in Prague for the Jubilee Exhibition.—[DRAWN BY W. GAUSE.]

LITERATURE



MR. FORD MADOX HUEFFER,
Whose "Just possible" story, "Mr. Apollo,"
announced by Methuen.

Photo, Elliott and Fry.

From a World Unknown.

As Mrs. Humphry Ward says

"Fifth Queen Crowned" (Eveleigh Nash)? They were eight in number, and they followed each other in such a maze of capricious policy that it needs a romance such as this to clear the air. No one will forget after reading Mr. Hueffer's story that the fifth, at any rate, was Katherine Howard, whose

soft piety and sweet rigidity should have appealed to all; that they touched none but the fierce Princess Mary; and that it is

MR. STANLEY WRYMAN,
Whose novel, "The Wild Geese," is issued
by Hodder and Stoughton.

Photo, Elliott and Fry.

in her introduction to the English translation of "The Forewarners" (Smith, Elder), it is a voice from a world unknown, and it expresses an intimate and first-hand knowledge of the artisan life of Turin. It professes to be the autobiography of a compositor who, himself a child of the people, broods over the condition of his class. He lives in an attic, under the roof of a tenement house that harbours drunkard and prostitute, madman and consumptive—types of the great army of beings whom other people's lust, other people's callousness and greed, have condemned to submersion. They are, for the most part, dumb; but Cimisin, a cobbler who possesses some powers of expression, voices their view of Italian liberation, as seen in a later decade of disillusion. He has joined his starving companions at a little, unlooked-for feast. "And just to think that when we took Rome we thought there would be bread for all!" Stanga, the compositor, watches his friend the poet die miserably; he walks the wards of a maternity hospital, and his heart is wrung by the sufferings of the women whose children are born only to disease



HOLY ISLAND.

impossible to follow her queenhood among the Tudor walls of Pontefract Castle to its dramatic surrender at the shambling feet of her weak husband, without giving her some of that pity which was her right in life. The best compliment which can be paid the author of "The Fifth Queen Crowned" is that it should be natural to feel and speak thus of the dim portrait which he has, as it were, restored. And the portrait is within its sixteenth-century frame, though completely free of tiresome archæological detail.

Lasting Two Generations.

It is a hazardous proceeding to carry a story over two generations. The venture is justified in the case of Josephine St. Laurence, which is told in "The Fourth Ship" (Chapman and Hall), by Ethel Colbourn Mayne. The book has a singular charm, a charm that privileges it to violate the canons of novel-writing not only without detriment to its object, but with a distinction that marks it out as one of the "books



NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.



BAMBURGH CASTLE.

"THE ROMANCE OF NORTHUMBERLAND": FOUR BEAUTIFUL VIEWS OF THE NORTH.

Reproduced from A. G. Bradley's "The Romance of Northumberland," by permission of the publishers, Messrs. Methuen. The book is illustrated in colour by Frank Southgate, R.B.A.

and famine; he gropes for some remedy, or at least some alleviation, of the misery that surrounds him. The book arrives at last at the note of personal sacrifice, the refuge, we think, of a mind morbidly obsessed by the problem of the underworld. Signor. Cena touches another solution in an earlier passage. When it is recognised and enforced that a man has rights before his birth, the right to be created for the general well-being, and not for an individual's pleasure, there will be hope for the after-generations. Till then, let no man wonder when the depths spew up anarchy. "The Forewarners" is incomplete: it is fragmentary, and it breaks off in incoherence; but it is a flash out of darkness, a swift, arresting piece of work.

"The Fifth Queen Crowned."

Though quite a number of people might pass muster as to the fifth King of England, how many could answer glibly with the name of "The

Though quite a number of people might pass muster as to the fifth King of England, how many could answer glibly with the name of "The



ALNWICK CASTLE.

of the year." Analysed, it is a simple affair, being merely the story of a mid-Victorian girl who failed to marry, which was her vocation, and who lost her lover and her youth and all but her indomitable patrician spirit in the remote (how remote!) 'sixties. Her rambling history, however, is packed by Miss Mayne with close understanding of the hearts of women—men she hardly troubles about, and her male characters cut poor figures, with the exception of the terrible Mr. St. Laurence, who is a study from the Irish life, if ever there was one. Millicent Maryon, the mother—the tigress in her rages; in other moods, fascinating and desirable—is a fine creation. "The Fourth Ship" is, by the way, curiously frank in its description of Josie's first encounters with the realities of life. The locked door is not merely set ajar: it is thrown wide, and the intimate things revealed certainly add to the interest of an unusually perceptive book.

BEAUTIFUL STUDIES OF THE HEROINES OF FAMOUS MODERN NOVELS.

DRAWN BY "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" SPECIAL ARTIST, G. WILMSHURST.



NO. V.: DIANA VERNON.

"It was a young lady, the loveliness of whose very striking features was enhanced by the animation of the chase and the glow of exercise. She wore what was then unusual, a coat, vest and hat resembling those of a man, which fashion has since called a riding-habit. The mode had been introduced while I was in France and was perfectly new to me."—FROM "ROB ROY" BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

HOLY TORTOISES A MEANS OF "ACQUIRING MERIT" FOR PIOUS JAPANESE BUDDHISTS.

PHOTOGRAPH COPYRIGHT BY HERBERT G. PONTING, F.R.G.S.



"APPARENT RARI NANTES IN GURGITE VASTO": TORTOISES THAT ARE BOUGHT, FED, AND RETURNED TO THE POND IN THE TENNOJI TEMPLE, OSAKA.

In the grounds of many Japanese Buddhist temples there are ponds full of small tortoises, which are emblematical of long life. The largest of these is at the Tennoji Temple, Osaka, which contains many thousands. The temple priests have a number fished out each morning, and one may buy a small one and return it to the pond for the sum of a penny. This

kind action acquires a little religious merit. The tortoise-pond is thus a source of a deal of revenue, and many people make a living selling cakes with which to feed the little creatures. It is a most curious sight to see hundreds of them swimming to the edge as soon as anyone appears with a handful of cakes. They recall Virgil's line quoted above.

THE SEASIDE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE KAISER'S CAPITAL: BERLIN'S BLACKPOOL.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MAX MISSMANN.



BATHING ON THE BEACH OF THE WANNSEE. BERLIN.

The Berliners enjoy the pleasures of the seaside in the heart of their dusty metropolis. Bathing in the Wannsee, the great lake in Berlin, has become very popular, and the scene on the beach resembles that of one of our seaside watering-places. It is a curious anomaly, but one that makes for the health of the German capital.

OUR MUSEUM OF MARVELS FROM EAST AND WEST.



Photo. Park.

THE KAISER'S CAIRN: A MEMORIAL OF HIS LAST VISIT TO NORWAY.
The Kaiser has a particular favour for Norway, and he seldom lets a year pass without a cruise in Norwegian waters. On his last voyage he erected this cairn on the peak of Moldeboi, near Molde, from which there is a lovely view.



IN MEMORY OF THE ILL-FATED FATHER OF FLYING.

This hut was erected at Gross-Lichterfelde in memory of Otto Lilienthal, the German engineer who founded modern scientific flying. It marks the point of his first flight. One of his experiments cost Lilienthal his life.



Graphic Photo. Agency.

**A DANISH DEVIL ON AN IRON DOOR
IN ROSKILDE.**

This remarkable piece of wrought-iron work forms the decoration of a chapel door in Roskilde Cathedral, the famous burying-place of the Danish Kings.



Photo. Topical.

**"REMEMBER THOU TOO ART MORTAL":
A PENITENT WITH A SKULL.**

A curious religious procession is held at Furnes, in Flanders. Some of the penitents carry skulls, and in the procession are representatives of the Patriarchs, and of the Redeemer as a boy.



**WARDING OFF INFECTION: A CURIOUS
TURKISH POSTAL DEVICE.**

At Tehataldja, near Constantinople, during an outbreak of cholera, letters were not passed from hand to hand, but were received by the officials in a tin case on a long stick.



**COIFFURE EXTRAORDINARY: HEAD-DRESS
OF THE OVAMBO WOMEN.**

The Ovambos are a tribe in German South-West Africa. Their women dress their hair in an extraordinary manner, with braids that hang down to the knees. The hair on the top of the head is plastered with mud-pomatum.



**SIX YARDS OF BIRD: THE LONG-TAILED COCK
OF JAPAN: THE TO-MARU.**

Men of science used to doubt the existence of this cock, but one is now in the Austrian Imperial Collection. It has a tail six yards long. It is believed to be of Korean origin. The species here shown is known as the Onagadori.

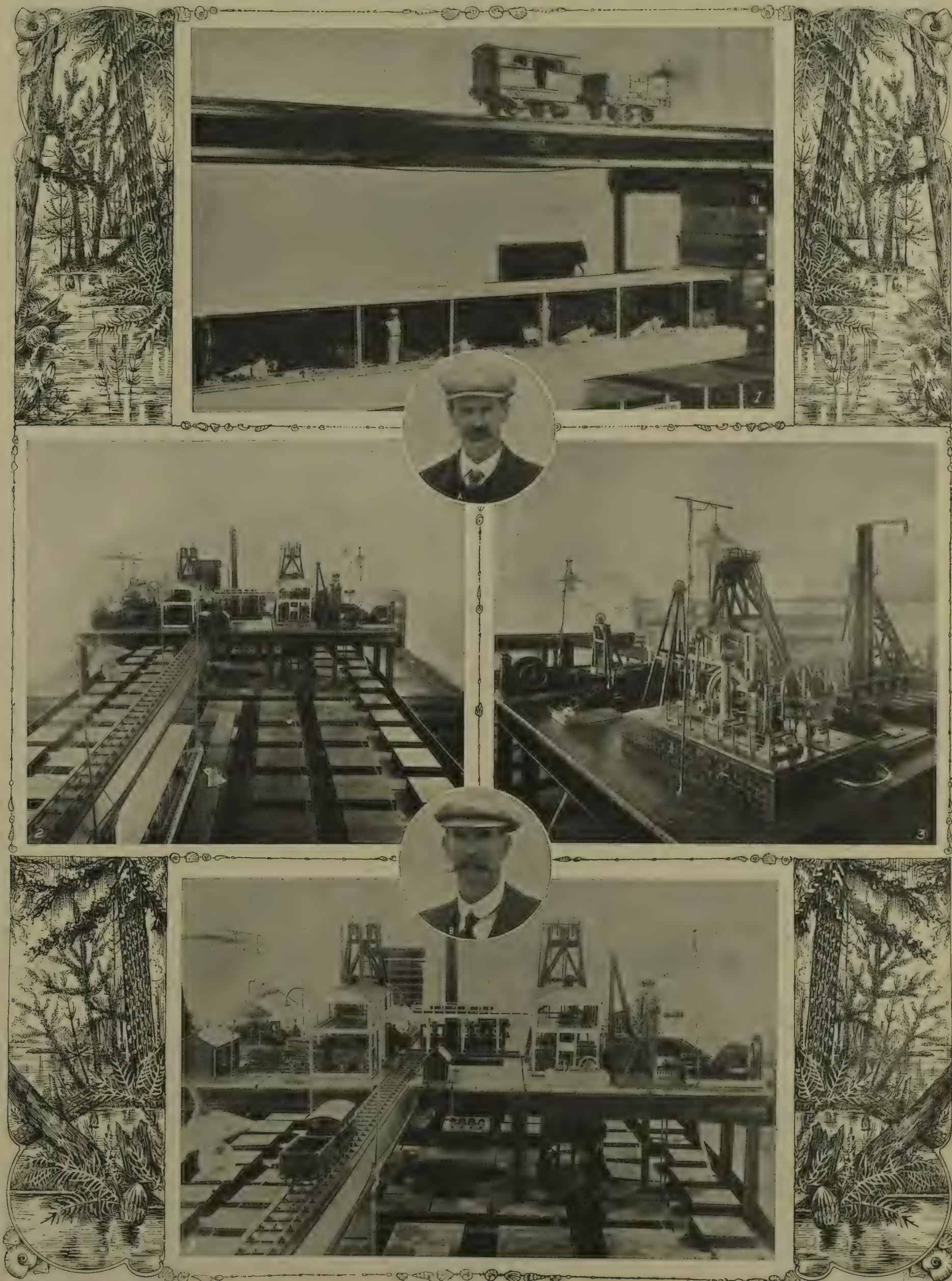


**STABBING THE BALL: AMUSING BAYONET
EXERCISE IN THE RUSSIAN ARMY.**

This exercise was practised in a recent tournament. Balls of straw are allowed to slide down a wire, and the soldier in full marching kit endeavours to stab as many as he can in the descent.

EIGHT YEARS' WORK BY THE BROTHERS OF AN UNINVITED M.P.:

MR. KEIR HARDIE'S BROTHERS' WORKING-MODEL OF A COAL-MINE.



1. A SECTION OF THE SEAMS, SHOWING THE MINERS AT WORK IN THE GALLERY.

2. THE MACHINERY AT THE PIT-HEAD.

A AND B, THE MESSRS. HARDIE, THE MAKERS OF THE MODEL.

3. THE MODEL ENGINE AT THE PIT-HEAD.

4. A NEARER VIEW OF THE PIT-HEAD.

At the Franco-British Exhibition there is a most interesting model of a colliery made by the brothers of Mr. Keir Hardie, M.P., whose uncalled-for attack on the King's visit to Russia led to his exclusion from the Windsor Garden-Party. All the machinery of the mines is perfectly reproduced, and is seen in working order. The model took eight years to make.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL PRESS.

MORE HOUSE-MOVING EXTRAORDINARY.



A BUILDING ON A BARGE: HOUSE-MOVING BY WATER.



HOUSE-MOVING BY HORSE-POWER: TELEGRAPH WIRES LIFTED TO ALLOW A REMOVAL IN WINNIPEG.



A CALIFORNIAN HOUSE CUT IN TWO FOR REMOVAL

Last week we showed some of the Canadian methods of house-moving. These pictures give a further example of the Canadian method, and also of the American. The Winnipeg house was too high to clear the telegraph wires, but these were ingeniously lifted with a pole as the strange procession passed. The removal of the house by water was effected on the Hudson River.

WONDERFUL MACHINERY IN A MODEL TOBACCO FACTORY.

AMID all the wonders of the Franco-British Exhibition there is probably nothing quite so marvellous as the collection of machinery which daily attracts huge crowds to Messrs. Godfrey Phillips and Sons' Model Tobacco Factory, facing the great Stadium.

There are small machines there which do the work of quite an army of men, and do it with a precision and skill that is impossible by human labour, no matter how expert. When one considers that the daily consumption of cigarettes in the United Kingdom alone is seventy-five millions (or an average of about four daily for every male inhabitant), one realises the tremendous resources that are called for to cope with this huge demand. Through the glass walls of the model factory the smoker can see two machines, each of which makes 100,000 perfect "B.D.V." cigarettes in eight hours, or about three every second. The marvel is not merely that the machine does this, but how much it has to do to accomplish it. The tobacco is inserted at one end, and it is shredded into long strands; the dust (which would be

the edges are trimmed, and the cigarettes are ready for packing.

Then there is the "B.D.V." tobacco-packeting machine, which is well-nigh miraculous in its human-

with the other packages ready to be placed into boxes for sending to the retailer.

Equally interesting is the "Grand Cut" cutting machine, which slices the slabs of tobacco at the rate of four hundred cuts each minute by means of knives of razor-like keenness.

What will particularly strike the observant smoker in watching these processes of manufacture is the manner in which Messrs. Godfrey Phillips protect the smoker's health. Thus in the cigarettes, the dust is carefully removed and the pure rice paper is specially prepared, while even the adhesive used is made from a secret formula which secures a perfectly hygienic smoke down to the last particular. "Grand Cut" by its very manufacture is free from dust, and the distinctive flavour is obtained by blending only the tobacco thus being perfectly healthful, as well as cheap and economical, and particularly cool in the pipe.

After seeing the processes of manufacture, the smoker can walk over to the end of the exhibit and purchase



CUTTING AND CIGARETTE MACHINES.

harmful to the smoker's throat) is automatically removed, and the tobacco is rounded into the form of a rod. Round this rod the paper (which has already been printed with the name of the cigarette and moistened with the specially prepared adhesive by the same machine) is wrapped, and, as the complete cigarette emerges, it is cut into the desired lengths,



CIGARETTE MACHINES.

like skill. This machine was specially made to Messrs. Godfrey Phillips' orders, taking years to perfect, and it is the only one of its kind in the country. The tobacco is dropped into a revolving table, which is divided into receptacles, from which it is transferred into boxes moving on an endless chain, each box containing the correct quantity of tobacco for one packet. At the end of this machine another endless chain is moving in the direction of these boxes. This chain is divided into properly graduated intervals by projecting links, to prevent the wrappers getting entangled and also to ensure the tobacco and the wrapper meeting properly. One person feeds in the foil outer covering, and as this travels along on the chain, another covers it with the inner wrapper.

Ingenious metal fingers fold the paper like a cup, into which the tobacco is dropped from the boxes in which it was placed. In this position two flat-headed rods press the tobacco into shape, and more metal fingers fold the package and press it, after which it drops upon a wheel divided into compartments, which revolves until it reaches a certain spot where a piston thrusts it upon a third revolving chain, which carries it to a man whose work it is to remove it and stack it



CUTTING "GRAND CUT."

samples to take away with him. Certainly he will go away with an increased admiration for the mechanical perfection employed in providing his favourite "weed," and an increased knowledge of the care and skill required in turning out the cigarettes which he has purchased without a thought of the labour and enterprise required for their manufacture.



THE PAVILION.



WEIGHING AND PACKING.

LADIES' PAGE.

IT was just like the Queen to express her personal desire to be present with his Majesty at the reception of the delegates to the Peace Congress. The only occasion on which the Queen has admitted a journalist to an "interview"—in the journalistic sense of the word, which is that what is said may be repeated in print—was when she allowed a French writer to give expression to her dislike to war, and her "fear of the great heaping-up of combustible materials" in war-preparation, as tending to bring about at last the use of the means so lavishly and expensively provided. "We women say Peace!" the beloved Queen declared. The presence of Baroness von Suttner in the deputation reminds us of the influence of her book, "Lay Down Your Arms!" for which she received the Nobel Prize, awarded to the person who has done most to promote the disuse of war within a specified period. Her novel is a modern tale set in the form of the autobiography of a German woman of rank living during the wars that ravaged the Continent between 1860-70. Every argument in favour of war is set forth, and then the actual results of arranging international disputes by hurling armed men against one another are realistically contrasted with the theories. No work, except probably "Uncle Tom's Cabin," has ever presented an argument so effectively in the concrete form of a story.

It seemed impossible, not long ago, for duelling ever to be abolished as a means of settling personal disputes and wiping out insults amongst gentlemen; but Queen Victoria achieved it. Acting through her husband, she so arranged that duelling should never again be resorted to by men in the Army to end their quarrels or to defend their own honour, and this was speedily accepted as possible and right in civil life too. Queen Victoria of Spain is, it is said, just as anxious now to abolish in her country the enormities of bull-fighting; she has, hitherto, consented to attend at this favourite national sport, but the last time she went, shortly before Don Jaime's birth, what she witnessed filled her with horror and grief. So she has caused to be revived the memory of the fact that the great Queen Isabella, when she returned from conquering the Moors, declared that it was her wish to abolish bull-fighting, as a cruel sport which, she asserted, had been introduced by the Paynim Moors, and which was unworthy of a Christian race. If the Spaniards of to-day are reminded that the Queen whose memory they adore was only prevented by her death from putting down the cruel sport, it is hoped that they may allow their present Queen to make it at least unfashionable for ladies to attend on such sights at the present day. Queen Christina tried to do so in the early days of her rule as widowed Regent, but she had so much else to contend with that she had to abandon this unpopular reform. It may prove impossible to the present young Queen, but at least her wish proves Chaucer's line true: "Pité renneeth soone in gentil herte."



THE NEWEST FASHION.

Gown built in fine cachemire-de-soie in champagne colour in the Directoire style, trimmed with black buttons and buttonholes.

Goodwood gowns showed, more than any earlier function of the now finished season, the progressive conquest of our favour by the Directoire fashions. The clinging gowns in softest satin, cut with long tunic over-skirts, and the tight-fitting long sleeves, some even buttoned down the back, so as to fit close to the arms, were frequently ordered for this last great display of gowns. Ninon-de-soie or painted gauze placed over satin made some exclusive race-gowns; the underskirt in this case was usually not draped, the flimsy, transparent material being employed as a tunic. White gowns, however, were more worn than anything more elaborate. Irish crochet, fine silk muslin or Ninon, embroidered linon, and broderie Anglaise, with sashes of colour to harmonise with the hats, were in great favour.

The hats were mostly low-crowned, but monstrously wide. Flowers almost covered most of the shapes, the crowns being very often quite hidden beneath roses rambling like the modern climbers amidst their green leaves, or larger blossoms lying as if plucked close to their heads with no leaves visible. Again, crowns concealed by green leafage and surrounded by large spiky blossoms, such as red and white clover heads or double stocks or orchids, were very fashionably worn.

Fascinating as are the lingerie gowns of the hour, from the Irish crochet or embroidered linon to the simple muslin, and more suitable and becoming than anything else to pretty girls on the river-side or the *plage*, such frocks, however cheap to buy, are actually expensive wear, from the necessity of laundrying them often if they are to be nice and becoming. A really well-dressed woman (and alas! that means one to whom expense is comparatively a matter of indifference) does not think of having a muslin or lawn gown "got up" at all. When it is soiled it is finished, and is forthwith disposed of by gift or by sale, according to the wealthy owner's character. Of course, a richly embroidered linon visits the cleaner, not the laundress. The girl with a microscopic dress allowance should not venture on white washing-gowns at all; blouses, not too ornate, must suffice for her adornment. But between these two classes there come the many of moderate resources, who can venture on various forms of the white gown, from the more sumptuous embroidered and lace-trimmed lawn to the simple muslin. Nothing is more fashionable this year, and nothing more becoming. But a warning word may be whispered: never try to economise on the cleaner! If you *will* wear white gowns, be lavish and extravagant even on keeping them really white, free not only from spots and actual dirt, but from that all-pervading "grubbiness" so easily overlooked by the wearer herself, but, as regards the onlooker, the worst of defects.

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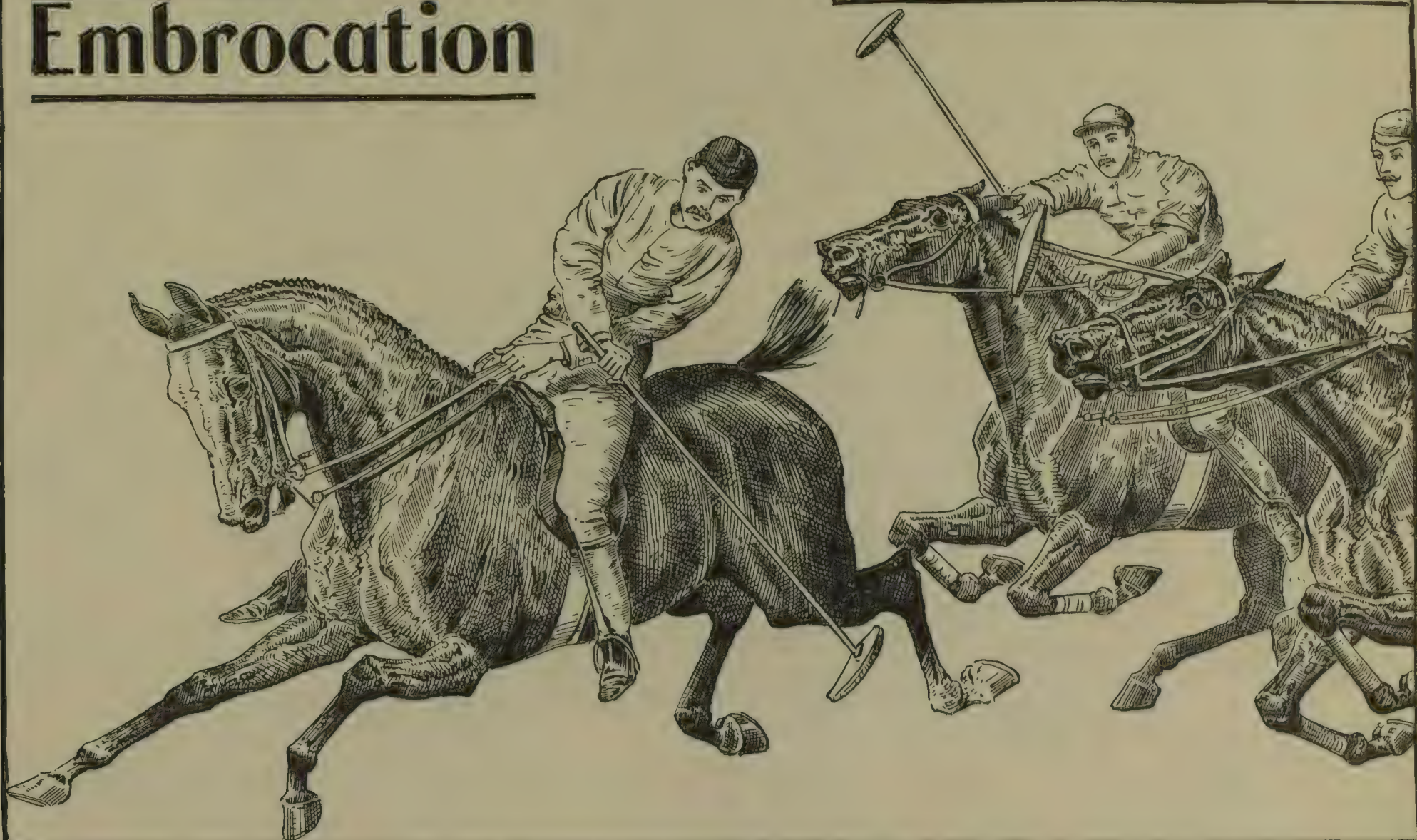
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Easily digestible,
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THE MEDICAL
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"The starch is so split up that, after cooking, no evidence of its presence can be detected by the microscope, thus doing away in this particular instance with the objection that foods containing starch are not digested by very young children, and the fact that numerous children have been brought up from birth upon this Food, with the best results, is the strongest proof of the correctness of what is stated."

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HEALTHFUL SLEEP SO ESSENTIAL TO
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BY THE MOST DELICATE INFANT.
If the directions given are followed, the
infantile system can be regulated without
the aid of medicine.

OVER 80 YEARS' ESTABLISHED REPUTATION.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

THERE would appear to be no abatement, either on the part of motor-omnibuses and motor-cars, of the issue of evil, burnt-chop-smelling fumes from the exhaust-pipes, due to the careless and wicked waste of lubricating-oil. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, if a car is seen trailing a long cloud of foul blue smoke athwart the landscape, and rousing the indignation of every decent motorist and the ire of all passers-by, the paid chauffeur will be found behind the wheel. It would really seem as though these gentry were in league with the oil-refiners, so reckless and senseless is their use of engine-oil. Even with dash-lubrication systems, oil should not stand at such a level in the crank-chamber as to be thrown up so profusely that it passes the piston-rings into the combustion-chambers of the cylinders, and issues thence in the horrible blue cloud of which complaint is made. It should be impossible for the oil to stand beneath the connecting-rods at too high a level.

In all modern well-designed cars provision is made in the shape of run-off cocks to ensure this, while with automatic systems of lubrication, where the oil is pumped round either through the crank-shaft to the insides of the bearings or through pipe-leads to spray, means are taken to lead the spent oil through a filter to the sump from which the pump lifts. If engines so fitted smoke, then the carelessness of the driver is more reprehensible than ever, and some punishment should await him. Motor-car exhausts can be made absolutely invisible, and the majority of self-respecting motorists would welcome an ordinance that would make this imperative.

The motor-world is the poorer by the death of Mr. Cecil Edge, who passed away on Monday, July 27 last, after a long and trying illness. Mr. Cecil Edge was one of our surest and most daring drivers, and had his health remained to him he would undoubtedly have proved one of the finest exponents of speed at Brooklands. Originally intended for the Army, he turned to engineering, ultimately joining his cousin, Mr. S. F. Edge, in the firm known as Messrs. S. F. Edge, Limited. But it was as a courageous manipulator of speed cars that he was best



Photo. Illustrations Bureau.

THE MOTOR IN THE SERVICE OF THE NEW YORK SUFFRAGISTS.



A KHAKE-COVERED MOTOR IN THE MOHMAND CAMPAIGN.

The photograph was taken near Abazai. On the left is the Commander-in-Chief, General Sir James Willcocks; on the right is Captain Jamieson. The car was covered with wadded khaki to render it invisible. The wheels were protected with furze.

known, for he had taken part in many famous events. In both the Gordon Bennett races of 1901-2 he acted as his cousin's mechanic, and in the Gordon Bennett eliminating trials in the Isle of Man in 1905 he drove an 80-h.p. Napier with great courage and address, making the fastest circuit, but stopping from some mechanical failure. He was a marvellous adept at steering monster cars in hill climbs, and appeared to delight roundly in all the fearsome corners. His last appearance was at the Brooklands August Meeting of last year. He will be greatly missed from a large circle of motorists.

Even in the most circumspect of daily papers there appears to be one class of headline for the motor accident and quite another for any contretemps in which a horse-drawn vehicle is concerned. I would ask my readers what such a heading as "Picnic-Party Upset" would first convey to their minds; and I am sure that the answer would be concerned with the effects of too much mayonnaise, claret-cup, or salad. And yet how far from the truth the surmise! As a matter of fact, this particular headline, which appeared in a staid newspaper, referred to the flight of a wagonette downhill with failed brakes behind terrified horses, the ultimate overturning of the vehicle, the throwing of the occupants, mostly women, into the roadway, with very serious injuries to two, and lesser injuries to twelve others. Presuming the vehicle concerned a motor-wagonette, would the scare-line have read "Picnic-Party Upset"? I trow not! There is one journalistic sauce for the motoring goose and quite another for the horse-drawn gander.

Permission has been granted by the Lieutenant-Governor and other authorities of the Isle of Man for holding in the island in the autumn the motor contest now generally known as the "Four-Inch Race." The entry is a large one, thirty-six in all, and it is probable that the absentees will be few, if any. Now, the speed that will be attained by the competing cars, particularly down the mountain road off Snaefell, will approach that attained by the crack vehicles in the late Grand Prix, while the Manx course throughout, and particularly the stretch of road above referred to, bristles with dangers in comparison.



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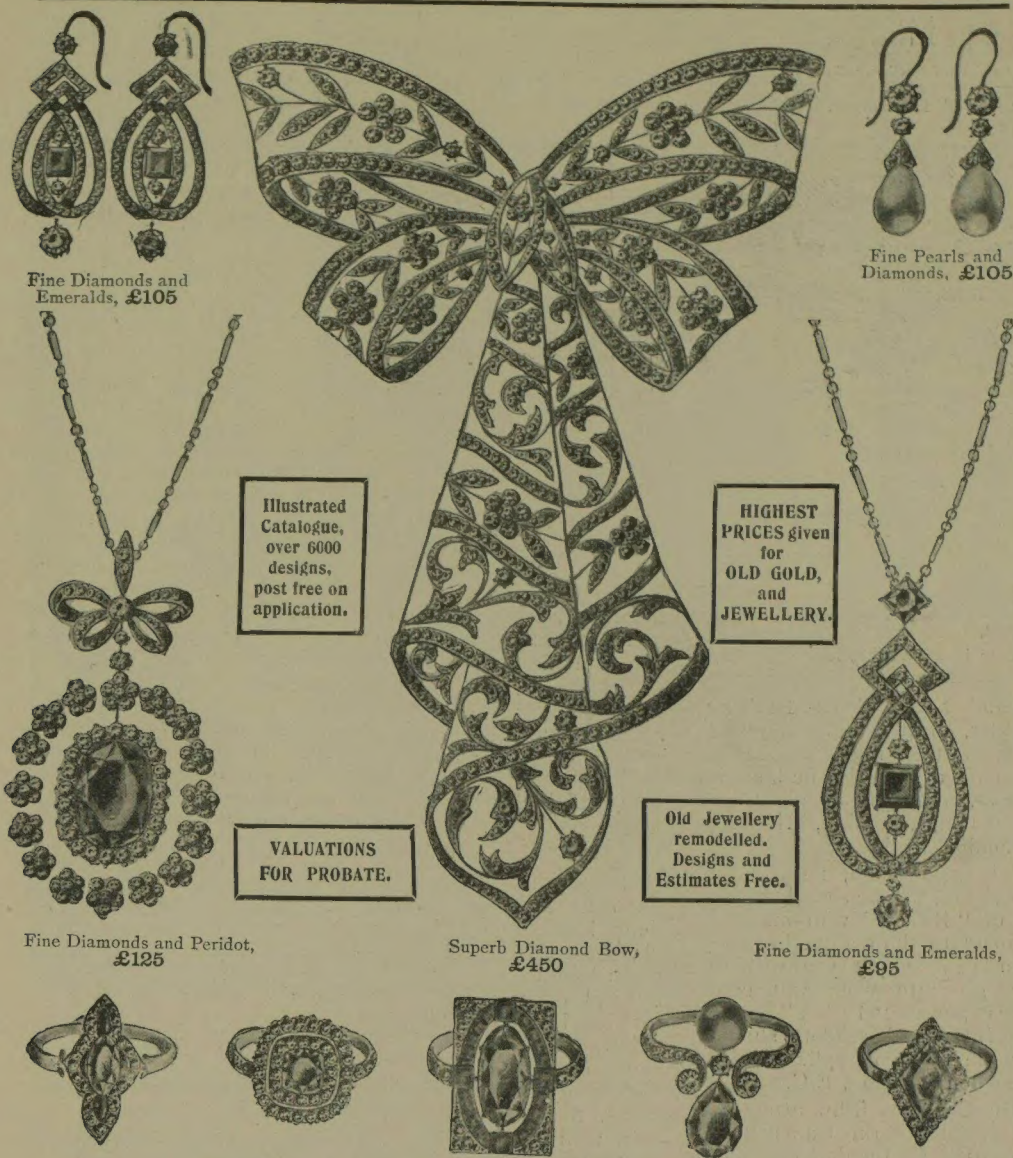
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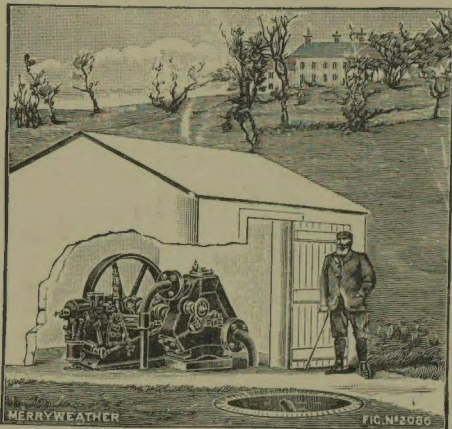
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CHESS.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3347 received from Gertrude M Field (Athol, Mass., U.S.A.) and J Randall (New York); of No. 3348 from Gertrude M Field, J Randall, J Smart (Quebec), C Field junior (Athol), R J Lonsdale (New Brighton), Frank W Atchinson, and R H Couper (Malbone, U.S.A.); of No. 3350 from R C Widdicombe (Saltash), Captain Challice (Great Yarmouth), J Steede, L.L.D. (Penzance), and J Hope (Greenwich).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3351 received from Sorrento, Shadforth, J Hope (Greenwich), Albert Wolff (Putney), R C Widdicombe, L McAdam (Southsea), P Daly (Brighton), Fred R Underhill (Norwich), E J Winter-Wood (Paignton), Nellie Morris (Winchelsea), F Henderson (Leeds), A Groves (Southend), R Worters (Canterbury), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), J D Tucker (Ilkley), R H Stephenson, M Folwell, F James, and G R.

A few examples of Chess Brevities in which first-class players are concerned.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the Championship Tournament of the City of London Chess Club, between Messrs. ALLOCOCK and CURNOCK.

(Bird's Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. A.)	BLACK (Mr. C.)	WHITE (Mr. A.)	BLACK (Mr. C.)
1. P to K 3rd	P to Q 4th	10. Kt to R sq	Q to B 2nd
2. P to K B 4th	P to Q B 4th	11. P to K R 3rd	B to K R 4th
3. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	12. P to Q B 3rd	Kt to K 5th
4. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	13. P to Q 3rd	B takes Kt
5. Kt to K 2nd	B to K Kt 5th	14. B takes B	
6. Kt to K 3rd	P to K 4th		
7. P takes P	Kt takes P		
8. B to K 2nd	Kt to B 3rd		
9. Castles	B to Q 3rd		

CHESS IN AUSTRALIA.

Game played at the Melbourne Chess Club between Messrs. GUNDERSEN and BURR.

(Evans' Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. G.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. G.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	7. P takes P	Kt to Kt sq
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	8. Castles	Kt to R 3rd
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th	9. B to K Kt 5th	Q Kt to K 2nd
4. P to Q Kt 4th	B takes Kt P	10. Q to Q 2nd	Castles
5. P to B 3rd	B to R 4th	11. B takes Kt	P takes B
6. P to Q 4th	Kt to K B 3rd	12. Q takes P	P to Q 4th

There is no time for wasted moves like this in the Evans defence, Black's game is now quite hopeless.

CHESS IN BOHEMIA.

Game played at Prague between Messrs. MIESES and RUBINSTEIN.

(Danish Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. R.)	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. R.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	9. Q to B 2nd	Kt to B 3rd
2. P to Q 4th	P takes P	10. P to Q R 3rd	Q to Q 2nd
3. P to Q B 3rd	P to Q 4th	11. B to Q B sq	Kt to B 4th
4. P to K 5th	P takes P	12. Q to R 4th	Castles K R
5. Kt to K B 3rd	P takes P	13. Q to K B 4th	P to B 3rd
6. B takes P	Kt to K R 3rd	14. P to Kt 4th	P takes P
7. Kt to B 3rd	B to K 3rd	15. Kt takes K P	Kt takes Kt
8. B to Q 3rd	B to K 2nd	16. Q takes Q Kt	B to B 3rd

Black's opening is a model of sound development, and it has already reduced the attack to impotence.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in a Simultaneous Exhibition at the Brooklyn Chess Club, between Messrs. E. LASKER and J. E. RANDALL.

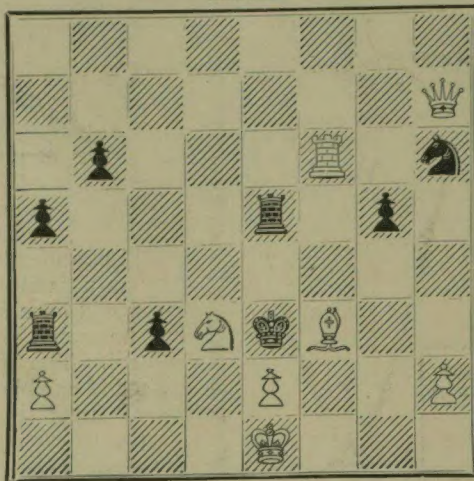
(King's Bishop Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. R.)	WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. R.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	9. B to K 2nd	B takes Kt
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P	10. P takes B	Q takes P (ch)
3. B to B 4th	Q to R 5th (ch)	11. K to B 2nd	B to K 2nd
4. K to B sq	P to Q 4th	12. P to Q 4th	B to K 5th (ch)
5. B takes P	Kt to K B 3rd	13. K to Kt sq	P to B 6th
6. Kt to Q B 3rd	P to B 3rd		
7. B to B 4th	Kt to Kt 5th		
8. Kt to R 3rd	Kt to K 4th		

White resigns. A very creditable performance for a boy of fourteen years, even although White is meeting so many opponents at the same time.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3350.—By J. W. ABBOTT.

WHITE.
1. B to Kt 8th
2. Q to Q 3rd (ch)
3. B or P mates.
If Black play 1. K moves, 2. Q takes P (ch); and if 1. Any other, 2. B takes P (ch), etc.

PROBLEM No. 3353.—By F. HENDERSON.
BLACK.

WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

The London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway have issued an attractive booklet, entitled "Pullman and Perfection," which gives details of their many services in which the luxurious Pullman cars are run. The book is full of excellent coloured views, and may be obtained, post free, from the Pullman Car Office, London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, London Bridge.

Military and naval officials, sportsmen, naturalists, and tourists seeking aids to vision, will be satisfied with the productions of the firm of "Busch," who make a larger selection of prism binoculars than any other one firm in the world, and who can supply you with a binocular small enough to go into your waistcoat pocket, to the eighteen-times power "Terlux" made specially for deer-stalking. Interested readers should secure their lists, which may be had on application to 35, Charles Street, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.

The Great Eastern Railway Company draw attention to the facilities which are available for the transit from all parts of the Eastern counties to London of small quantities of farm and market-garden produce. The object of this arrangement is to bring the producer into direct business relationship with the consumer; to avoid the deterioration which arises from packing perishable traffic in large quantities, and to ensure quick transit. The rates are exceptionally low, as much as twenty pounds being conveyed for fourpence, whilst for excess above this, one penny only is charged for every five pounds.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

THE appointment of Canon Moore Ede to the Deanery of Worcester, in succession to the late Dr. Forrest, has given much pleasure to Churchmen in the North of England, among whom Canon Moore Ede has many warm admirers. His own congregation at Whitburn, Sunderland, will feel his loss severely.

The Bishop of Bristol has dedicated during the past few days a new clergy-house at St. Ambrose, one of the churches on the east side of the city, and a parish hall for the church of St. Michael, Two-Mile Hill. The generosity of Bristol Churchmen results in steady improvements in the poorer parishes, and in an ever-growing work of church extension.

The veteran Welsh missionary, Dr. John Roberts, who has recently passed away, had laboured on the Khasia Hills for over thirty-six years. Dr. Roberts was educated at Bala College and the University of Edinburgh. When on a visit to this country, in 1877, he was elected Moderator of the General Assembly of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists, but owing to the disastrous earthquake which that year destroyed many of the mission stations on the Khasia Hills, he returned to India before entering on his duties as Moderator. Last year he was re-elected to the same position. Dr. Roberts translated the greater part of the Old Testament into the Khasi language.

The children's special service held at St. Paul's Cathedral last week was arranged by the Council of the Ragged School Union. It was attended by some three thousand children, selected from some of the hundred and fifty affiliated missions and ragged schools. The Archdeacon of London officiated, and the Bishop of Jamaica was the selected preacher.

Some interesting letters have appeared in the *Times* on the use of motor-cars by Bishops. One correspondent has suggested that the motor-car emphasises class-distinctions, but another replies that it helps a Bishop to visit his diocese more thoroughly than by rail or carriage. "Would 'A Working Parson' restrict him to a bicycle? Bishops, as a rule, are elderly men, and are expected to maintain some show of dignity; and I doubt if any class of the community would like to see their chief pastor arrive dusty, flushed, and breathless to some Church function, with the chaplain behind him on another bicycle carrying his robes." So writes "An Essex Vicar," and there can be no doubt that the use of the motor-car greatly aids the effectual supervision of large dioceses by the Bishops.

The farewell service of the Lambeth Conference of Bishops took place this week. Eight hundred seats under the dome of St. Paul's were assigned to the Bishops and their friends, the whole of the nave being left open to the general public.



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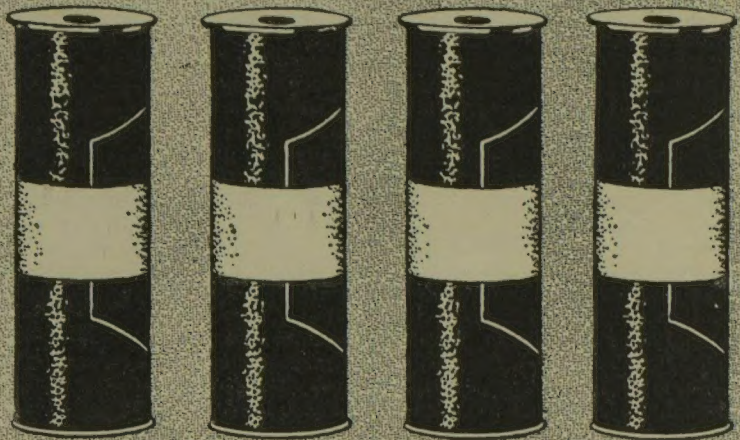
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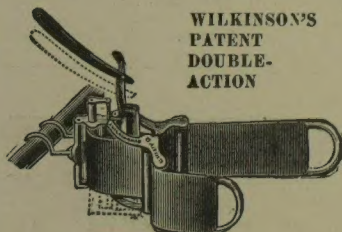
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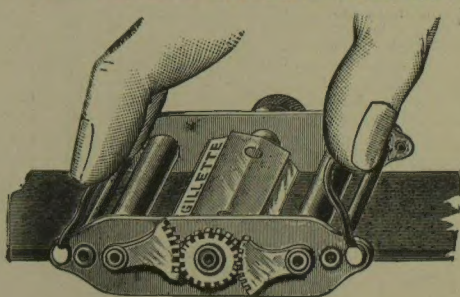
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

THE will (dated Dec. 28, 1906) of MRS. ANNE LOUISA RUSSELL WALDO-SIBTHORPE, of Belgrave Mansions, Grosvenor Gardens, and Gwydyr Mansions, Hove, who died on June 18, has been proved by Mrs. Mary Louisa Lindsay and William Williams Box, the value of the property being £145,029. The testatrix bequeaths £25,000 to the Royal Hospital for Incurables (Putney); £10,000 to the Home for Friendless and Fallen Girls; £10,000 to the Royal Cambridge School for Daughters of Officers in the Army (Bath); £10,000 to Charing Cross Hospital; £6,000 to the Naval Hospital at Haslar; £4,000, in trust, for providing two yearly marriage portions for poor, deserving girls residing at or near Sleaford, Lincoln; her star sapphires to the South Kensington Museum, on condition they are placed in a case so that the rays of the sun can pour on them; a gold sword, and the orders and medals of her late husband to the United Service Institution; £1,000 and a diamond ring and seven rows of pearls to the wife of Field-Marshal Sir George White; £1,000 each to the Marquess of Ely, Margaret Marchioness of Ely, Lord George Loftus, Colonel William Eden, and Lord Robert Brudenal Bruce; and other legacies. The residue of her estate and effects she leaves to the Hospital for Diseases of the Nervous System, founded in Welbeck Street.

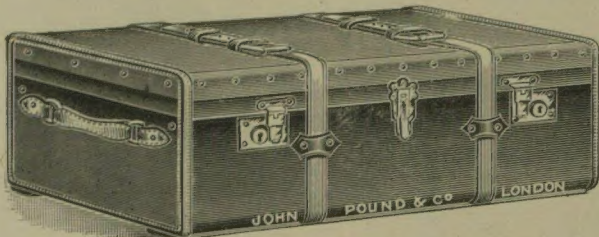
The will and codicil of MR. SAMUEL COOK, of 7, Eaton Gardens, Hove, have been proved by his three nephews and Solomon Solomon, the value of the property being £81,477. Mr. Cook gives to his wife £100, and while she remains his widow the income from £15,000 and the use of his residence and furniture; £200 to the United Synagogue; £100 to the Jews' Hospital and Orphan Home; £15,000, in trust, for each of his children; £500 to Solomon Solomon; and a few small legacies to relatives. Everything else he may die possessed of is to be held in trust for his children.

The will (dated Feb. 1, 1908) of MR. FREDERICK MEHL, of Oakleigh, Alderley Edge, Chester, who died on May 5, is now proved, and the value of the estate sworn at £176,900. He bequeaths £10,000 to his niece, Marguerite Hoppe; £5,000 to his nephew, Carl Mehl; £5,000 each to his sister Katharina Tillmann and his nieces Katharina Muller and Anna Fisch; £10,000 to his niece Marie Tillmann; £3,000 to his sister-in-law, Louise Mehl; £400 each to his executors; and the residue to his wife.

The will (dated July 27, 1905), with a codicil, of MR. BARCLAY FIELDER WATSON, of 7, St. James's Terrace, Harrow Road, and Woodlands, Camden Park, Tunbridge Wells, who died on May 11, has been proved by George Charles Grubbe and George Morton Dodd, the value of the real and personal estate being £266,936.

Mr. Watson gives £20,000, the Woodlands, and other property at Keymer, to his wife; £5,000 to his nephew Hugh Dodd; £10,000 to his niece Ivy Dodd; £25,000, and the New Place and Scanes Farms at Framfield, to his nephew George Morton Dodd; property at Uckfield to his sister Mrs. Dodd; £100 per annum to his old clerk Thomas Hodgson; and the residue to his sisters and the issue of those who may be dead.

The will (dated April 15, 1891) of MISS MARY ARABELLA COX, of Marlborough Villa, Chepstow, and late of Gothic Cottage, Sandhurst, has been proved by the Rev. Sir P. Perring, Bart., and the Rev. John Vicars, the value of the property being £21,185. The testatrix gives £2,000 each to Dr. Barnardo's Home and the National Lifeboat Institution; £1,500 to the British Home for Incurables; £1,000 each to the Church of England Homes for Waifs and Strays, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, the Devon and Cornwall Orphan Asylum, and the Society for the



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Propagation of the Gospel; £400 to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; and the residue, after the payment of a few small legacies, to her next-of-kin, in the same manner as though she had died intestate.

The will (dated June 8, 1907) of SIR CHARLES JOHN REED, of Dringthorpe, near York, who died on June 4, has been proved and the value of the property sworn at £132,048. He gives to his eldest son, Charles Archibald Percival, the family portraits and the silver bowl presented to him by the officers of the Northumberland Artillery Militia; to his children and executors, £100 each; to his niece, Agnes Morton, £300; and a few small legacies. The residue is to be divided amongst his children, except his son Charles Archibald, who has been provided for.

The will (dated Jan. 14, 1908) of the REV. JAMES LEIGH JOYNES, of 71, Montpelier Road, Brighton,

formerly a master at Eton, whose death took place on June 29, has been proved by the Rev. Raymond Cox Radcliffe and Charles Robert Rivington, the value of the estate being £30,650. The testator gives £5,000 to his son Herman; and the residue to his daughter Elizabeth Fanny absolutely.

The will (dated Nov. 20, 1899) of the REV. HENRY BEAUFOY WILDER, of Sulham, Berks, who died on April 25, has been proved by the Rev. Charles Cunliffe-Brookes and Godfrey Charles Browne Hawes, the value of the property being £52,141. The testator directs that the funds of his marriage settlement and a sum of £15,000 are to be divided into forty-five parts, nineteen of which he appoints to his son Henry Charles, eleven to his son Francis Langham, and fifteen to his three daughters. He bequeaths £30,000, in trust, for his three daughters; £100 each to his executors; £100 and an annuity of £50 to Nelly Leeks; £200 and £60 a year to Mrs. Frank Donlon, and the residue in trust for his two sons.

The following important wills have now been proved—

Mr. Thomas Coulter Dickie, solicitor, Clonavon, Omagh, Tyrone	£98,776
Miss Eliza Morison Hutchison, 44, Phillimore Gardens	£51,397
Rev. Edward Bonus, Bilton Hill House, Bilton, Gloucester	£41,027
Mr. Oscar Bernard Goldschmidt, Clifton Drive, Lytham	£36,904

In Glasgow Sheriff Court judgment has been issued by Sheriff Balfour in a second action at the instance of the Imperial Tobacco Company, Limited, arising out of the infringement of their brand of tobacco known as "Smith's Glasgow Mixture." The present action was directed against Aaron Vershaw, trading under the name of A. W. Shaw, tobacconist, 3, University Avenue, Glasgow. Interim interdict was granted on May 18, and proof was subsequently heard by the Sheriff, who has now declared the interdict perpetual, and awarded £20 in name of damages to the pursuers. In a "note" to his interlocutor, the Sheriff remarked that the case was very much the same as that brought against Abraham J. Binick, and it was clear that the samples containing the purchases made by pursuers' agents were not "Smith's Glasgow Mixture," but were spurious tobaccos. He was quite satisfied that the inferiority of the tobaccos purchased did not arise from the sanitary operations in defender's shop, and that no error was made by defender in selling the tobacco, but they had been clear attempts on the part of defender and his shopwoman to palm off spurious tobaccos as "Smith's Glasgow Mixture."

SKIN TORTURES,

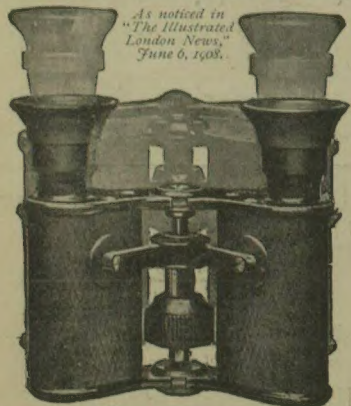
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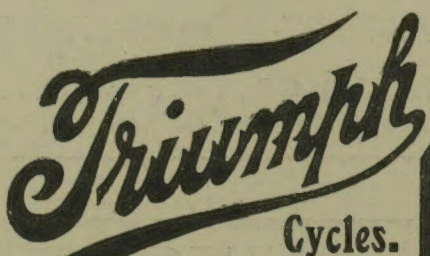
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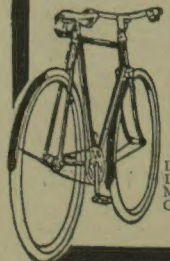
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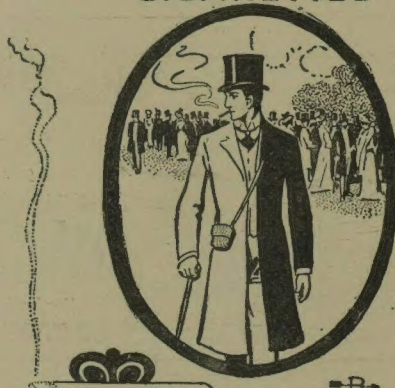
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